The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July *in the* August *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We are glad to learn that all Messrs. Harper and Brothers' December royalty accounts have now been sent out and paid, that the reorganisation of the firm is complete, and that there is every reason to anticipate that they will rapidly resume the high position in the American publishing world which they occupied for so many years. We understand that only one or, at the most, two members of the Harper family are now in the business.

An enterprising American editor recently suggested to Mr. Bret Harte that he should write some more Condensed Novels. We hear that the result has been MSS. bearing the titles of "Soldiers Three," "Rupert the Resembler," and "The Stolen Cigar Case."

We hear that Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P., who has just returned from South Africa, is embodying his experiences in a book which will be issued at an early date by a well-known West End firm of publishers. Sir Ellis appears to have seen everything and to have interviewed everybody of any consequence, and his book should, under these circumstances, prove very interesting reading.

We understand that Mark Twain, who has been quietly at work in London all the winter, proposes returning to America some time in June. Mr. Clemens intends to take up his residence again in his old house at Hartford.

We hear that Messrs. Joseph Conrad and Ford Hueffer are collaborating on a novel which will deal with certain phases of journalistic and public life in London.

Although better, Mr. Stephen Crane is still very ill. He has been removed to Dover, where he is staying at the Lord Warden Hotel, until he is well enough to be taken to the Black Forest. The Irish romance on which he was at work when he broke down is complete, with the exception of the concluding chapters, which are yet in the rough.

We understand that Mr. Watts Dunton some time ago finished his second novel, but there is no immediate prospect of it being published, as he cannot be induced to part with the MS. until it has undergone all the revisions to which he subjects his work.

Mr. Jacobs' story "A Master of Craft"—the first long story he has written—is to be published in book form during the summer. He has very much improved in health since his retirement from the Post Office, and although his work has not greatly increased in volume it is produced with more ease and regularity.

Mr. F. D. How, whose Lives of Bishop Walsham How, his father, and Bishop John Selwyn, show him to be possessed of a very pretty gift for biography, is at present busily engaged on the "Life of Lord Plunket," the late Archbishop of Dublin, which Isbister and Co. will publish in the autumn. Mr. How belongs to the younger school of biographers, whose aim is to present a living sympathetic picture of his "subject" rather than a mere record of his work and career; and on the religious side his portraiture is a happy union of insight and reticence. It may be mentioned that "Lighter Moments: From the Notebook of Bishop Walsham How," which he edited, has run through six thousand copies during the two months it has been out.

Mr. Hall Caine's new story is practically finished, but its method of publication is not yet decided upon. There has been some talk of the story appearing in the *Windsor Magazine*, but nothing definite is yet settled. By the way, Mr. Hall Caine has been occupying his leisure in buying up farms in "the island." The recent agricultural "slump" there is likely to result in the novelist owning no little share of his native heath.

Mr. Robert Barr is at work upon a long and important novel, and has decided to write no more short stories for some time to come. In this resolution he is finding several imitators, Mr. Anthony Hope being one of the exceptions. Mr. Stanley Weyman, by the way, has steadfastly refused to write short stories for some years past.

Mr. Rolf Boldrewood, the well-known author of "Robbery under Arms," is now finishing the manuscript of a new novel which he has entitled, "In Bad Company." It is a tale of the great Australian strike. The story is historical as the strike, and some of the episodes—but little removed from civil war—are literally true. Mr. Boldrewood's many readers and admirers will find additional interest in this story when they know that his youngest son worked with other young men—one of them a descendant of a former Governor-General of Australia—as a gas stoker when the strikers left the Melbourne gasworks intending to leave the city in darkness. This move, however, did not succeed, and the Pastoral and Employers' Association won the fight

aided by Colonel Tom Price and his Mounted Rifles—now doing good service with other Australian troops in the Transvaal. We anticipate that "In Bad Company" will prove to be one of the most interesting and entertaining of all Mr. Boldrewood's many popular books.

We are very glad to be able to inform our readers that Mr. S. R. Crockett, who has been suffering for some little time from a severe chill, is now better and is able to resume his work.

We hear that Mr. Stanley Weyman has just completed arrangements for the production of a dramatised version of his new novel "Sophia." As at present arranged the play will be produced first in America in the autumn season of this year.

Mr. Rider Haggard has now returned from his recent trip to Cyprus, Jerusalem, etc., etc., and proposes to give some of his experiences while in the East in a series of letters, which will appear in due course in one of the illustrated weeklies.

Mr. Oliver Onions, the author of those very clever dialogues which have lately been appearing in the pages of the *Queen*, under the general title of "The Compleat Bachelor," has now completed a new series of short stories dealing with Art student life. This new series will be published in the first instance in *To-Day*, and the stories are said to be in their own way just as clever as "The Compleat Bachelor." By-the-bye, "The Compleat Bachelor" is to be published in book form next month by Mr. John Murray. The papers have attracted much attention, and a great circulation is anticipated.

Following upon the separation from Mr. Doubleday, Messrs. McClure are establishing a new book business which will be carried on under the name of McClure, Phillips and Co. Mr. Phillips has been Mr. McClure's principal associate from the commencement of his business fifteen years ago. The new firm has secured books by Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Henry Seton Merriman, S. R. Crockett, Frank Bullen, Conan Doyle, Joseph Conrad, Miss Lagerlöf, the Swedish novelist, and also some important biographical works. The affairs of the Doubleday and McClure Company are to be wound up, and the list of books divided between McClure, Phillips and Co. and Mr. Doubleday's new firm.

Mr. George Gissing has finished a new novel, entitled "Among the Prophets."

Lucas Malet has been engaged during the last two years on two books, both novels. Of these the shorter one is now finished, and will be published in the near future by Messrs. Methuen in England, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead in America. Those who have read the work rate it very highly, speaking of it indeed as another "Wages of Sin."

Mr. Stopford Brooke's admirable study of "Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life," is to be issued by Messrs. Isbister in the autumn in the same charming *format* as that which they have used for the late Dean Plumptre's "Dante." In this edition the book will make two volumes, especially suitable for the pocket, the drawing-room table, or for presents or prizes. "Tennyson" was published in April, 1894, reprinted in July of the same year, and twice during the interval which has since elapsed, making an issue of over 7,000 copies, which has now been practically exhausted. Mr. Brooke has happily recovered from his recent illness, and is busily engaged on his "Browning Lectures," which will form the nucleus of a companion study to be issued by the same house.

Mr. Barry Pain, who has published no volume since "The Octave of Claudius" appeared three years ago, is preparing a book for the holiday season. It is to be called "The Eliza Papers."

A new short novel, entitled "The Five Years' Tryst," which Sir Walter Besant has recently completed, will form the summer number of the *Illustrated London News*. This is interesting in that it is a return to the order of things which prevailed some few years ago before the editors of the illustrated weeklies thought that it was necessary to make up their summer and Christmas issues of a number of contributions from different pens.

The new novel upon which Mr. W. Clark Russell is at present at work, is we hear, to be entitled, "Overdue." Those who have had the privilege of reading the story, so far as it has progressed, say that it promises to be one of the most powerful and original pieces of work which Mr. Russell has ever done.

The Rev. John Bacon, the well-known aeronaut, who sailed a week or two ago as the leader of the South American expedition for the observation of the eclipse, is engaged on a volume describing his experiences and observations during his aerial voyages, and bringing up to date the results of aeronautical research. Messrs. Isbister hope to have the work ready for publication in the autumn.

Mr. Alfred Sutro is preparing another volume of the Maeterlinck essays, and will shortly complete it.

Mr. Le Queux has had to postpone his journey to Siberia owing to a somewhat grave illness. We are glad to hear that he is better.

The indefatigable Mr. Guy Boothby begins a new story in *Cassell's Magazine* this month. The same publication announces a series of articles on the "National Defence," and some powerful stories by a new author, L. J. Beeston.

Messrs. Pearson will publish in the autumn a new novel by Bernard Capes, entitled, "Joan Brotherhood." It is said to be to some extent in the manner of Mr. Capes' best known work, "The Lake of Wine."

Mr. Frankfort Moore's new novel "The Conscience o Coralie," will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Pearson, who are also issuing Guy Boothby's new story, "The Woman of Death."

A very handsome book on "The North American Indians of To-day," by George Bird Grinnell, will be pub-

lished in the autumn. Mr. Grinnell is an authority on the Red Indians, and has written several books about them.

Mr. Max Pemberton, in conjunction with Mr. Addison Bright, has almost completed the dramatisation of his novel "The Garden of Swords." Mr. Pemberton's story in the *Windsor* is now called "Pro Patriâ," by agreement with Mr. Mackay, who wrote a novel under that title but kindly foregoes his right.

Messrs. Seeley and Company will publish shortly a remarkable biography of General John Jacob, of Jacobabad, by Mr. A. I. Shand, the author of the Life of Sir Edward Hamley. Jacob was one of the most remarkable of the Indian Empire makers, and as he was an indefatigable correspondent the biography will include a large number of interesting letters and manuscripts.

The recent decision in the libel action, Vizetelly *v.* Mudie's Library, Ltd., adds a new terror to the book distributing trade. It is notorious that the law of libel is as uncertain in its interpretation as it is ineffective in operation, and certainly to the lay mind, recognising the customs of the circulating library trade, the decision seems to maintain a *reductio ad absurdum*. During the height of the season fully half a dozen publishers' representatives, each with several new books, wait daily upon the great libraries of Messrs. Mudie and Smith, and usually expect to have the order given them then and there. To cope with this avalanche of literature, and in order to scent out any possible litigious or libellous matter, forty or fifty readers would be required, each endowed with the knowledge of libel law of a Blake Odgers, the detective instincts of a Sherlock Holmes, and such encyclopædic knowledge of the private lives of persons of note as is possessed, say, by Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of *Who's Who*, or Mr. Henry Labouchere.

One of the most extraordinary features of the English libel law is the distinction drawn between libellous matter appearing in books and in periodicals, so far as it concerns distributing agents. Why, for instance, should matter which s construed as libellous if appearing in a book circulated by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, not render the same firm liable to an action for libel if it appears in a newspaper sold on Messrs. Smith's bookstalls?

Messrs. Duckworth and Co. have in active preparation "A History of the Baronetage," by Francis W. Pixley, F.S.A., Registrar of the Honourable Society of the Baronetage. The book will be published at 10s. 6d. net, and there will also be a limited edition, on hand-made paper, at a guinea.

In the course of this month the same firm intend to publish another volume in their "Modern Plays" series, which already includes works by Ibsen, Verkæren, Maeterlinck, and other foreign dramatists. The new volume will be an English version of Gerhart Hauptmann's "Das Friedensfest," which Mrs. Charrington, who is well known on the stage as Miss Janet Achurch, has translated into English under the title of "The Coming of Peace."

Next month Mr. Macqueen will publish another sixpenny edition of 100,000 copies of "The Sign of the Cross." This, together with the other edition of 100,000 copies published in July last, reaches the total of 200,000 copies. Mr. Macqueen also announces a new edition of 3,000 copies of the 6s. edition, completing the sixty-third thousand, making in all 263,000 copies.

"Cecil Rhodes: His Political Life and Speeches, 1881-1900," by Vindex, which has been announced to appear for so long a time, will be published immediately by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The book will contain a great quantity of new material, including full texts of many of his speeches, which have hitherto been inaccessible to readers in this country. To make the volume more complete and comprehensive, the whole story of the gift of £10,000

MISS HELEN MILECETE.

offered and paid by Mr. Rhodes to Parnell in 1888, is given in full in an appendix, together with the text of the original letters, including the omitted paragraphs.

Mr. Charles Neufeld, author of "A Prisoner of the Khaleefa," has almost completed a boy's Story of Adventure founded to a great extent upon incidents of his own career during his early days in Upper and Lower Egypt. Although the hero of the story is more or less an imaginary one, the trials and adventures which befall him are drawn from personal experience. The story will be illustrated by Charles M. Sheldon, and Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., who will publish it, hope to have it ready for their autumn list.

Messrs. Seeley and Company are publishing immediately an important work by Mr. Laurence Binyon on the Life and Works of Thomas Girtin. The circumstances of Girtin's life, his companionship with Turner, and his tragic

death at the early age of twenty-seven, make him an interesting figure. The promise of his work was indeed remarkable, and the reproductions of his paintings in this volume will prove a treasure to all students of modern art.

Miss Helen Milecete, whose first book, "A Girl of the North," has met with considerable success, is a young Canadian writer. She is only twenty years of age, and as her first work shows such promise of popularity it is only reasonable to anticipate a brilliant future for so young a writer. Miss Milecete spends most of her time in London, but is always pleased when she can visit her friends in Canada and revisit her favourite haunts in the Dominion. The autumn season will see the publication of Miss Milecete's second novel, "A Detached Pirate"; and she is now engaged on another story, with Canada for its background.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 19TH.

It is pleasing to have to record that a decidedly brisker tone has prevailed throughout the past month, and a considerably increased amount of business has been transacted. Although works of a more or less military tendency have been predominant a much livelier demand has been experienced for literature of a general character. Several additions have been made to the already extensive list of war books, Churchill's "London to Ladysmith *via* Pretoria," Pearse's "Four Months' Besieged," Ashe's "Besieged by the Boers," and Nevinson's "Ladysmith: the Diary of a Siege," are the most prominent.

"Lest We Forget Them," a souvenir of the war, compiled by Lady Glover, has met with a deserved success.

Fiction, in the form of the 6s. novel, still continues its popular career, and appears to be exempt from the fluctuations which affect other branches of literature. "The Crowning of Gloria" by Reardon, "The West End" by White, "A Second Coming" by Marsh, and "Bequeathed" by Beatrice Whitby are among the latest arrivals, and have sold freely.

In Biography Sir William Kennedy's "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor" has been much sought after.

Guide books have been in considerable request, especially in connection with the Paris Exhibition; quite a number have already been issued, and many more are to follow shortly. Ober-Ammergau and its Passion Play, which is now taking place, has caused the revival of several descriptive publications, but the demand so far has not been great.

Good business has been done in sixpenny reprints, and although not attaining to the proportions of last year, the sales have been most satisfactory. Among the most recent addition to this class are "Greifenstein" by F. M. Crawford, "Beautiful Jim" by J. S. Winter, and "Devil's Dice" by W. Le Queux.

There are no new competitors for public favour to chronicle among the magazines, but the old favourites have sold as freely, and continue to be as popular as ever.

The following is the list of books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

London to Ladysmith *via* Pretoria. By W. S. Churchill. 6s. (Longmans.)
Four Months Besieged. By H. H. S. Pearse. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Siege of Ladysmith. By R. J. McHugh. 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
Besieged by the Boers. By E. O. Ashe. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
The Natal Campaign. By Bennet Burleigh. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Three Men on a Bummel. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Lest We forget Them. By Lady Glover. 21s. net. (Fine Art Society.)
The Crowning of Gloria. By R. Reardon. 6s. (J. Long.)
Bequeathed. By Beatrice Whitby. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)
The Farringdons. By Ellen T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The West End. By Percy White. 6s. (Sands.)
A Second Coming. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Richards.)
Fruitfulness. By Emile Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)
Kirk's Papers on Health. 2s. (Simpkin.)
Kings of the East. By Sidney Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor! By Sir W. Kennedy. 12s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
How to Deal with your Banker. By H. Warren. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Cricket in Many Climes. By P. F. Warner. 6s. (Digby, Long)
Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 2s. net. (Dent.)
Baden-Powell, Life of. By Harold Begbie. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Popular History of the Church of England. By Bishop W. Boyd-Carpenter. 6s. (J. Murray.)
Greifenstein. By F. M. Crawford. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Beautiful Jim. By J. S. Winter. 6d. (F. V. White.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
April 21—Much improvement in home departments. Foreign and Colonial steady.
" 28—A good week in all departments.
May 5—Home departments very brisk, much business transacted.
" 12—Sales steady in home departments. Foreign rather quiet.
" 19—A good business week in all departments.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 21ST, 1900.

The inaction of the troops in South Africa had a very prejudicial effect on the sale of books connected with African affairs and the Transvaal War. Orders for these publications were given very sparingly, and even Winston Churchill's "London to Ladysmith" did not get the reception which some less meritorious works obtained a few weeks ago. Fitzpatrick's "Transvaal from Within" continued to drop off slowly. Fitchett's "How England saved Europe," and Partridge's "Great Soldier Series," containing biographies of Lord Roberts, Baden-Powell, and Macdonald had a brisk sale, however, and showed the public interest to be still keen on military matters.

"Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor," being the reminiscences of Admiral Kennedy, met with a very hearty reception, and reached a second edition almost on publication, and a good many orders were booked for Baden-Powell's "Matabele War," to be re-issued shortly at sixpence.

The sale of War Maps fell very low, and every illustrated weekly declined in circulation.

There was a demand for Guides to Paris for the Exhibition; many were published, and the first of the special numbers of the *Art Journal* was readily taken by those interested in the exhibits. The new volume in the "Famous

Scots Series," on "The Erskines," was published opportunely, and a very good sale was got for Macpherson's appreciative work on "Herbert Spencer" and his philosophy, owing somewhat to the local connections of the writer.

The first volume of Lang's "History of Scotland" was taken up by the libraries, and Geddie's "Romantic Edinburgh" was popular in the historic city.

In novels the most popular at six shillings were "The Farringdons," by E. T. Fowler; at five shillings, "The Maker of Nations," by Boothby; at three shillings and sixpence, Zola's "Fruitfulness," and at two-and-sixpence "The Alabaster Box," by Besant.

From some districts there came good orders for educational books and school prizes, and in this connection may be noted the popularity of "The Nuttall Encyclopædia" and Annandale's "Concise English Dictionary," as books of reference, both of which sold well.

In Art circles, the opening of the Royal Academy always creates a demand for illustrated works connected with the exhibition, and the sales of these were quite up to those of recent years.

The following is our usual list of best selling books during the month:—

Books of Fiction:—
The Farringdons. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Rhymer. By A. McAulay. 6s. (Unwin.)
Fruitfulness. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Bath Comedy. By A. and E. Castle. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Purple Robe. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)
Hilda Wade. By Grant Allen. 6s. (Richards.)
From Door to Door. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Sophia. By Stanley Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)
Nell Gwyn, Comedian. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Pearson.)
Kiddy. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The West End. By Percy White. 6s. (Sands.)
The Love of Parson Lord. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s. (Harpers.)

Books on Africa:—
The Transvaal from Within. By T. P. Fitzpatrick. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
The Natal Campaign. By B. Burleigh. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
London to Ladysmith. By W. S. Churchill. (Longmans.)

Other Books:—
Romantic Edinburgh. By John Geddie. 6s. (Sands.)
Herbert Spencer. By H. Macpherson. 5s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Nuttall Encyclopædia. By Rev. J. Wood. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

Also Partridge's Biographies of Military Heroes, and many sixpenny re-issues of popular works.

NEW WRITERS.

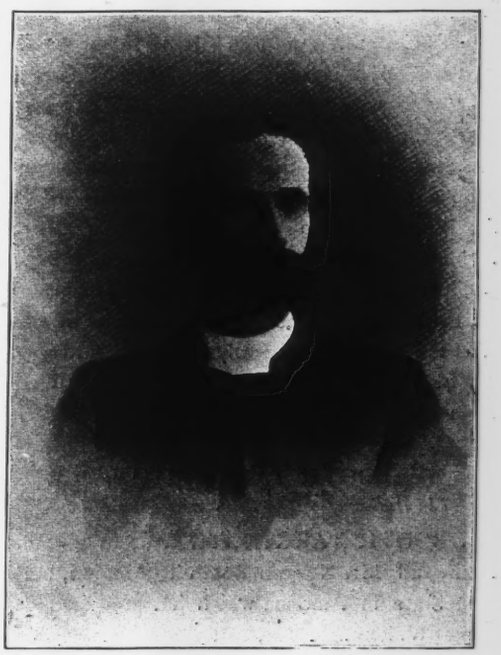
RALPH CONNOR,

Author of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot."

FEW authors have made so many genuine friendships with their first book as the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, known to his readers as Ralph Connor. In these days it is by no means an easy thing to introduce a new writer of fiction, especially when that writer deals with such a subject as Canadian backwood life, but with his very first book Ralph Connor achieved a remarkable success—not merely a success of esteem, but a success of sales as well. In a few months the first edition of "Black Rock" was exhausted, and since that date Ralph Connor's popularity has steadily grown. "The Sky Pilot," published last winter, has in every way enhanced his reputation, and a new book by the author of "Black Rock" is now certain of a hearty welcome.

Ralph Connor's father, the Rev. Donald Gordon, was a Highlander, who came to Canada in the early forties, settling in a country district in the north of Ontario. Here he remained for over twenty years among those who had emigrated from the north of Scotland and from the islands on the west coast. They were a rude, primitive, passionate people, but they adored their minister. When Ralph Connor's father, after twenty-five years' absence, returned to visit his old flock, his journey from place to place was one long triumphal procession. He was a man of great force and originality, and, needless to add, an eloquent preacher. There can be no doubt that Ralph Connor owes much of his story-telling ability to his father, whose thrilling tales will long be remembered in Ontario, while the stories about himself would fill many a volume.

The author's mother was Mary Robertson, a cousin of Robertson Smith and Andrew Murray, and a sister of



"RALPH CONNOR."

Miss Robertson, whose stories, "Christie Redfern's Troubles" and "Alison Bain," are well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Mrs. Gordon was a remarkable woman. At the early age of twenty she taught philosophy in Mount Holyoake Seminary, then the first institute of its kind in New England. At twenty-two she was offered the Principalship, but refused the position to marry the young Highland minister and to live in the backwoods of Canada, twenty miles from a railway station, remote from all that refined and cultured society which was her element.

The author of "Black Rock" was born in this Highland settlement in the heart of the Canadian forest, and it is not surprising that his love of the open air, and especially of the woods, is passionate in its intensity. While a youth, Ralph Connor's family moved to Western Ontario where there were better schools. Some years later he graduated at Toronto University, and, like many a young Canadian, earned every dollar that paid for his education, working in the wheat fields before he was old enough to teach in the schools. After a three years' course in theology

at Knox's College, Toronto, Ralph Connor spent a year in Edinburgh and on the Continent. Returning to Canada, he went far up into the forest to Lake Nipissing, where he and his brother spent three months without seeing the countenance of a pale face. Afterwards he spent two years at Banff in the heart of the Rockies, where he revelled in the grandeur of Nature, taking the mountains to his heart and learning the meaning of their ministry. It was during this time that he became acquainted with the lumber camps known to all readers of his books. From Banff Ralph Connor went again to Scotland and the Continent for two years. While away, by the authority of the Canadian General Assembly, and with the support of Principal Rainy, Dr. Marcus Dods, and other leaders in the Scotch Church, he visited presbyteries and congregations in Scotland, England, and Ireland, speaking on behalf of the immense field of labour in Western Canada, and was successful in raising for that work between fifty and sixty thousand dollars. For some time past he has been the minister of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg. In 1896 he was induced by one of his college classmates, who had just founded the *Westminster*, to write a sketch of the life he had seen in a mountain mining camp. The sketch was so suggestive of fresh, unworked material that Ralph Connor was induced to contribute a series which formed the basis of "Black Rock." Besides the two books known to English readers, Ralph Connor has written a little booklet, "Beyond the Marshes," which in style and spirit is reminiscent of "Rab and his Friends." His next book, the scene of which will be laid in the home of his early boyhood, and which will certainly be his most ambitious work, is to be called "The Man from Glengarry."

BOOTH TARKINGTON,

The Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana."

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON, or to give his name in full, Mr. Newton Booth Tarkington, belongs to the same State in America which has produced Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, and Charles Major, the author of "When Knighthood was in Flower." Indiana is naturally very proud of these names—names that have added a literary prestige to a renown gathered in other fields, for more than one President has been given to the United States by Indiana.

Mr. Tarkington is a young man not yet turned thirty. He was a graduate of Princeton University of the class of '93. While an undergraduate he did considerable literary work, and was the editor of *Bric-a-Brac*, the Annual brought out by the junior class. He also re-established the Princeton *Tiger*, a humorous college paper that had been suspended for some years. His ready wit and humour, his versatility of talent—for he could sing, act, write—his genial disposition and original bent, made him a favourite and won him many friends. He has always been fond of outdoor life, and is especially devoted to riding and driving. Of healthy instincts and quick sympathies, not easily amenable to social customs, full of vitality and vigour, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that Mr. Tarkington prefers his home in the central West, and is not often lured to the great metropolitan life of New York.

He began work on "The Gentleman from Indiana" a year after he left Princeton; and subsequently submitted it to the editors of *McClure's Magazine*, who accepted it for serial and volume publication. During its serial appearance, it awakened an unusual interest all over the States. There

MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON.

was one number in which the instalment closed in uncertainty as to whether Harkless, the hero of the tale, was dead or alive. Letters came pouring into the editorial office of the magazine, but the author was obdurate. One person, however, outwitted him—the Governor of Indiana—who called up Mr. Tarkington on the telephone and asked him quickly: "Is Harkless dead?" The author was caught off his guard, and gave the answer wanted! Mr. Tarkington met a number of interesting people while in New York, among whom he gained two good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Seton Thompson, the authors of "Wild Animals I Have Known."

"The Gentleman from Indiana" has recently been published in England by Mr. Grant Richards, and it is gratifying to notice that no book of the month has met with such unanimous commendation. It is amusing to observe that one reviewer treats the "White-Caps" as an invention. We should like to call his attention to a news paragraph that appeared in the Indianapolis *News* within the month, in which it was reported under "scare" head-lines, that a "free-for-all-fight" had taken place at Pleasant Hill (the "Cross Roads" of the novel), and that suits against the sheriff of Versailles for allowing five of these desperadoes to be lynched—all in one evening—are still pending. The Town Marshal was one of the lynchers. Rouen is, of course, Indianapolis.

Since "The Gentleman from Indiana" was published, a short story by Mr. Tarkington, entitled "Monsieur Beaucaire," appeared in two instalments in *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Tarkington has the gift of making whatever he writes immensely readable; he has the gift of narration, he can invest his story with life and dramatic incident—the "Gentleman" is being dramatised as a matter of fact—above all he has a distinct gift of humour.

The Reader.

MR. SWINBURNE AS A METRIST.

Master of rhythm and rhyme and golden sound,
In fiery imagination molten clear,
Poured mightily through innumerable moulds,
And hung for ever in reverberant air
For human rapture, like ethereal bells,
Hail! for thou sittest sole upon thy throne
In isolated grandeur, as a god
Reigning predominant without a peer,
Save in the glooms of Orcus, where abide
Thy lineage whom lean fate and bony time
And the ineludible hands of skinny death
Have dragged down into vagueness unexplored,
Leaving to thee the sovereignty of song.

"SWINBURNE," said Tennyson, "is a reed through which all things blow into music." In a letter to Mr. Swinburne, congratulating him on the success of "Atalanta in Calydon," he wrote:—"You have a fine metrical invention which I envy you." There can be no doubt that Mr. Swinburne's metrical inventiveness is without a parallel in English and, indeed, in any poetry. The music of the choruses in "Atalanta" to this day remains unrivalled, and in every succeeding volume the poet has given us new harmonies and fresh rhythms. It would be interesting to know the precise artistic evolution through which he passed before he made the marvellous instrument of which he is the sole master. In his first volume, "The Queen Mother and Rosamund," there is little trace of the metrical genius

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF MR. A. C. SWINBURNE.
From Photo by Stereoscopic Co.

which was revealed in "Atalanta." During the interval Greek poetry had deeply influenced him. The vitality of the Greek verses to Landor is a literary miracle. It is probable, therefore, that he found the clue to the metrical music with which his name will always be associated during his adventures among Greek masterpieces. Greek poetry is more closely akin to music than any other poetry. As Mr.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. A. C. SWINBURNE.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Watts-Dunton has pointed out in his article on poetry in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the Greeks studied poetry not so much in relation to painting and sculpture as in its relation to music and dancing. At the Dionysian festival it was not to the poet as such, but to the teacher of the chorus that the prize was awarded, even though the teacher of the chorus were an Aeschylus or a Sophocles. The Greeks called a poet a "musician" (μουσικός) long before they called him a "maker" (ποιητής). Mr. Swinburne grasped the fact that poetry as an artistic vehicle of emotion stands between music and prose, and he invented metrical forms in which English syllables sing as they never sang before.

He overthrew the iambic tyranny. Before he wrote, English poetry was written mainly in iambs, with their modifications, the trochee and the spondee. The dactyl and the anapaest were used chiefly to give variety to the iambic metres in which dramatic, epic, and lyric poetry were composed. Tentative experiments in dactylic and anapaestic measures had been made, but the genius of the language and the temper of the race had interposed obstacles so great that there was small progress. All attempts to imitate the hexameter had failed. Coleridge, whose metrical insight was profound, made a bold attempt to solve the problem in his "Hymn to the Earth," but he did not succeed, owing to the paucity of true spondees in English. This is due to the fact that in English accent being always stronger than quantity, words which are

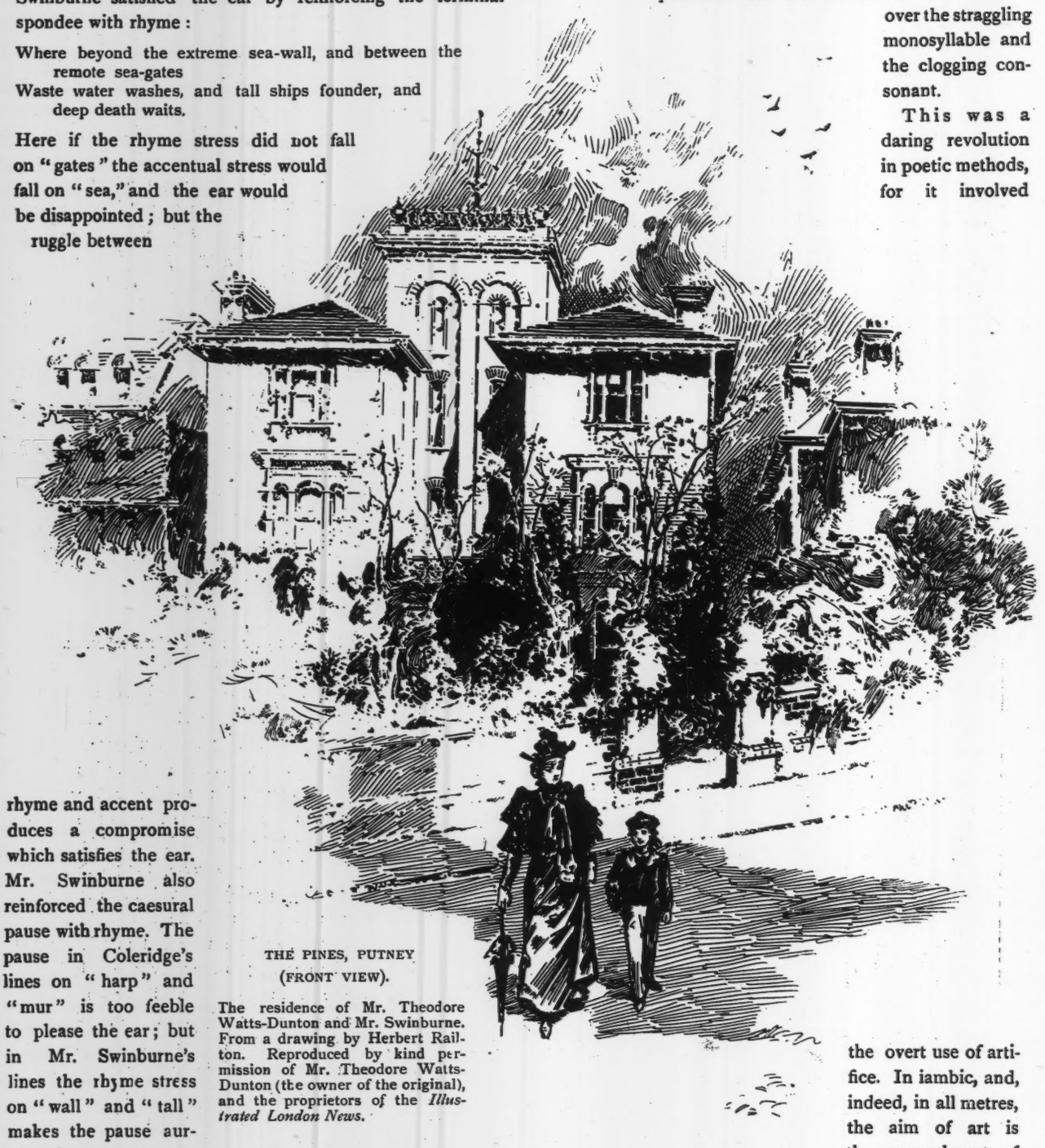
spondees by quantity are trochees or iambs by accent. The result is that the terminal spondee does not satisfy the ear. When Coleridge wrote

> Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.
> Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tenderest sadness,

the ear was disappointed at the end of the line. Mr. Swinburne satisfied the ear by reinforcing the terminal spondee with rhyme:

> Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between the remote sea-gates
> Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and deep death waits.

Here if the rhyme stress did not fall on "gates" the accentual stress would fall on "sea," and the ear would be disappointed; but the struggle between rhyme and accent produces a compromise which satisfies the ear. Mr. Swinburne also reinforced the caesural pause with rhyme. The pause in Coleridge's lines on "harp" and "mur" is too feeble to please the ear; but in Mr. Swinburne's lines the rhyme stress on "wall" and "tall" makes the pause aurally adequate.



THE PINES, PUTNEY
(FRONT VIEW).

The residence of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton and Mr. Swinburne. From a drawing by Herbert Railton. Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton (the owner of the original), and the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.

Perhaps Mr. Swinburne's greatest discovery was the metrical and rhythmical value of alliteration in dancing metres. There are two great obstacles in the way of writing dactylic and anapaestic measures in English. One is the fact that in English, as in all modern languages, the basis of metre is accent, not quantity. The other is the plethora of monosyllabic and dissyllabic words. In iambic measures these difficulties can be more easily overcome, but when the poet seeks for dactyls and anapaests he finds that the supply is limited, and he is driven to a very liberal use of adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions. The result is monotony, feebleness, diffuseness—in short, metrical debility. Mr. Swinburne used alliteration to overcome this metrical debility. He found that bold alliteration put life into the movement and lifted it over the straggling monosyllable and the clogging consonant.

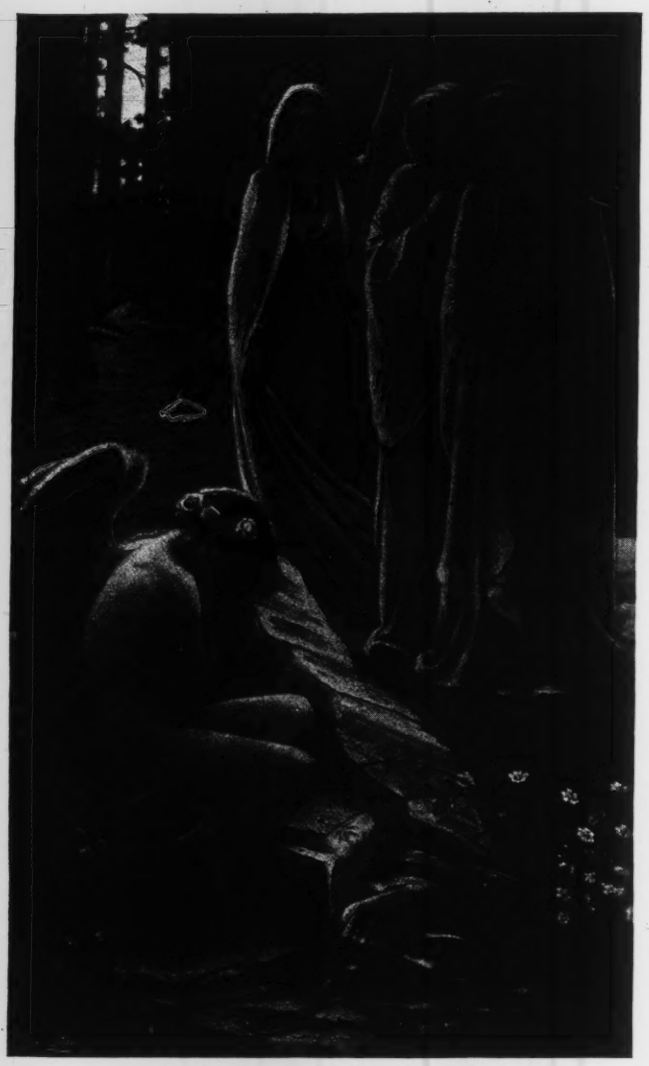
This was a daring revolution in poetic methods, for it involved the overt use of artifice. In iambic, and, indeed, in all metres, the aim of art is the concealment of metrical devices. Alliteration should be heard, not seen. Overt alliteration destroys the illusion which produces the appearance of sincerity, or the appearance of sincerity which produces the illusion. Therefore, when Mr. Swinburne let his alliterations be seen as well as heard, he lost in illusion what he gained in metrical energy. In English as a rule poetry is addressed to the eye rather than to the ear. Seldom is poetry read aloud. Mr. Swinburne

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Drawn by Mr. William Hartley after Watts' celebrated painting.

Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist and of the Proprietors of the *Star*.

defied the modern convention, and wrote his poems for the ear as well as for the eye. He relied on the lyrical ardour of the verse to counteract the impression of insincerity produced by overt artifice. In his finest poems the lyrical ardour utterly overwhelms the overt artifice. The imaginative passion behind the harmony submerges the notation of the billowy surge of song. Moreover, the extraordinary rhythmical modulations invented by the poet also play a great part in the masking of the metrical artifice, as may be seen in those splendid sea-ballads, "In the Water" and



ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

And Fear and Sorrow and Scorn
Kept watch by his head forlorn,
Till the night was overworn,
And the world was merry with morn.

—*A. C. Swinburne.*

By Alfred Ward. Royal Academy No. 335. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

"On the Verge." Wonderful is the rhythmical beauty of these lines from the latter poem:—

Here begins the sea that ends not till the world's end. Where we stand,
Could we know the next high sea-mark set beyond these waves that gleam,
We should know what never man hath known, nor eye of man hath scanned.
Nought beyond these coiling clouds that melt like fume of shrines that steam
Breaks or stays the strength of waters till they pass our bounds of dream.
Where the waste Land's End leans westward, all the seas it watches roll,
Find a border fixed beyond them and a world-wide shore's control:
These whereby we stand no shore beyond us limits: these are free.
Gazing hence we see the water that grows iron round the Pole,
From the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea.

From the first line to the last the other ballad undulates in the very rhythm of the ecstasy of life:—

The sea is awake and the sound of the song of the joy of her waking is rolled.

In all our literature is there a lovelier marriage of imagination and harmony than these lines from the "Hymn to Proserpine"?

Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a rock that abides,
But her ears are vexed with the roar, and her face with the foam of the tides.

Where can we match the sonorous splendour of this passage in "Hesperia"?

Our wild steeds press on the night, strain hard through pleasure and peril,
Labour and listen and pant not or pause for the peril that nears;
And the sound of them trampling the way cleaves night as an arrow asunder,
And slow by the sand-hill and swift by the down with its glimpses of grass,
Sudden and steady the music, as eight hoofs trample and thunder,
Rings in the ear of the low blind wind of the night as we pass.

Some of Mr. Swinburne's most marvellous metrical effects are found in his blank verse. Since Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Milton, no poet has so royally ennobled and enriched our English heroic verse. He has made it passionately lyrical by the liberal use of anapaestic bars and vowel elisions. His elisions are a magical blend of subtlety and simplicity. What could be more subtle and at the same time more simple than the elisions of such verses as these?

The immeasurable tremor of all the sea.

Lands loved of summer or washed by violent seas.

Through all the roar and ripple of streaming springs.

In "Tristram of Lyonesse" Mr. Swinburne revolutionised the heroic couplet, freeing it from its Popeian and Drydenic fetters. In his hands it lost its arid sententiousness and epigrammatic frigidity. It became a vehicle of lyrical emotion as well as a vehicle of ethical thought. It was delivered from the detestable monotony of balanced antithesis and the cold predestination of iambic bars. In these, as in all his metrical innovations, the poet never mistakes lawlessness for liberty, anarchy for freedom. His mission as a metrist was to extend the compass, and to sweeten, deepen, and broaden the tone, of our lyrical poetry. For it he has done what Shakespeare did for our dramatic, and Milton for our epic, poetry. It is possible that at some future time a dramatic poet may arise who shall surpass Shakespeare, but it is not probable. It is possible that at some future time an epic poet may arise who shall surpass Milton, but it is not probable. It is possible that at some

THE PINES, PUTNEY. THE RESIDENCE OF MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON AND MR. A. C. SWINBURNE.
MR. WATTS-DUNTON AND MR. SWINBURNE IN THE GARDEN.

future time a lyric poet may arise who shall surpass Swinburne, but is it probable? Whatever may be the poems, whoever may be the poets of the coming age, their debt to Mr. Swinburne will be so great that even in respect of his metrical invention alone he is assured of immortality.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.*

I.—SHAKESPEARE, TENNYSON, DICKENS.

IN the year's art taken as a whole, there are signs of a healthy reaction in the relations between painting and literature; and it is a matter upon which saner ideas are really needed. Much good has been done of late years by the recognition that the crafts, as crafts, are distinct; that a line from Tennyson does not make a bad landscape good, or the possession of the most subtle allegorical ideas justify the violent disarrangement of the muscles of a fellow-creature's leg. But in place of the old sentimentalism there has come upon us the tyranny of a dogma equally fantastic and illogical—the notion that the two arts may not even be allied, as poetry and music are allied in a song. Critics have arisen who bitterly accuse a picture of intelligible meaning; "literary," "symbolic," and "moral" have become vituperative epithets of great strength; and it is touching to reflect that an artist of older sympathies might read through a tirade in which his work was torn in pieces with the firm belief that it was being tenderly appreciated. Now this attempt to isolate art in a world where all things are linked together is really a somewhat humorous thing. Every occupation, of course, can be looked at purely technically if necessary. Good shooting, for example, is good shooting, whether we shoot a target or shoot our maiden aunt. If we shoot her under circumstances (technically) difficult, as, for example, if she is running violently across a distant range of mountains, then the shot which brings her down is (technically) admirable. But to say that good shooting is good shooting whether we shoot a target or shoot our maiden aunt is one thing; to say that it does not matter which we shoot is quite another. Her death may be regarded from a moral, a legal, a financial, or a poetic point of view. So it is with the higher arts; a man who objects to a thing having many aspects should rebel against the three dimensions. This singular modern desire to resolve things into their elements is surely the mortal sin against civilization. A man who seeks to break these immemorial unions, to keep everything separate, might as well analyse the air and divide the world into Oxygenists and Hydrogenists. And of all these alliances, the highest is that between painting and literature, the parent of nearly all the pictorial masterpieces on earth. But if men must protest against pictures being united by title and subject to the sister art of letters, they would be more logical if they did not, the moment they have gained

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"Ophelia." By Amelia Bauerle. Royal Society of British Artists. No. 365.
From a sketch specially done for THE BOOKMAN by Miss Bauerle.

their freedom, name their pictures after the sister art of music.

Probably the picture which is the most hopeful in this respect of all those exhibited this year, is that great Shakespearian picture of Mr. Abbey which flares like a great dawn of crimson and gold at the end of one of the chief rooms at Burlington House, "The Trial of Queen Catherine." It may well flare like a dawn, for it is the rise of historical painting once more, after its long discredit. When it fell it had become an ignorant and bombastic thing of padded calves and Byronic whiskers, nor did it deserve much sympathy when its stagy hypocrisy went down before the fiery lances of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. But now that it returns it comes from the land of Whistler and Pennell with all the technical mastery and dashing realism of the young American school. But though his craftsmanship is modern, Mr. Abbey comes to deliver us from that Impressionist twilight in which there were no harmonies except between the greenest grey and the greyest green. He does not condemn the portrait painter for ever to ply his trade in the darkest corner of the room as though he were selling bad hats. He offers to the artist once more the ancient wine of colour and poetry and historic passion. The red robes of Wolsey are alone a raging fire to scare away the weak-eyed lovers of "art colours." And as the pictorial method has lost its early Victorian clumsiness, so the literary feeling has lost its early Victorian superficiality. Wolsey is not the somnolent hippopotamus we knew of old: his face, gross indeed, is able and vigilant—it has more of the character of Charles Fox. Mr. Abbey has another Shakespearian picture, "The Penance of Queen Eleanour." We build some hopes upon both of them. It seems to us that a purified art has been re-united to an enlightened history.

Indeed, if there were any class of pictures in which one would look for the signs of a literary revival, it would be in the Shakespearian pictures, for in them a singular quality resides. We do not sympathise with reckless imputations of universal power to Shakespeare: to be the greatest of earthly dramatists is enough for one son of Adam. We do not hold the theory that Shakespeare could have been Lord Chancellor; nor the alternative transatlantic theory that the Lord Chancellor succeeded in being Shakespeare. But we do seriously believe he might have been a great painter. Among the mazes of psychological interest, too little notice has been taken of his unique habit of symbolising his moral crises in singularly highly-coloured and arresting pictorial groups. All other poets give a general sense of decorative unity—he alone is in love with contrasts, the contrasts of figure landscape and costume which make practical pictures. Touchstone and the Shepherd, Bottom and the Fairies, Lear and the Fool, Hamlet and the Gravediggers, are all scenes in which the moral irony is expressed in definite diversities of colour and form. And in this he is qualified to unite the arts. He is a symbolist: he represents the mysterious mental connection between shapes and ideas, which must finally defeat any purely technical view of painting. A man can no more see certain clouds at evening without growing thoughtful than he can see a Bengal tiger without jumping. Both feelings are equally primal, fundamental, anthropological. Of all Shakespearian characters that which has most perplexed actresses is Ophelia: probably, we think, because she was a pictorial rather than

"The Tempest." By Frederick Shaw.
Ferdinand: "Where should this music be?"—*Act* 1, *Scene* 2.
Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. No. 488. Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Shaw.

a psychological creation, that the bodily vision of weak, wild beauty, crowned with flowers and dancing to death, meant more to him than he could express in the character. Miss Amelia Bauerle's "Ophelia" in the Society of British Artists is interesting and original in this connection. Her "Ophelia" is not especially mad: she is merely tearful. And the same peculiarity may be noted in Mr. Clifford's picture in the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. We think these artists are right: Ophelia's madness was little more than a slight improvement on her previous intelligence: she was never sane enough to go vigorously mad. It was far different, for example, with Lear. Mr. Arthur Rackham, in the Society of Painters in Water Colours, has a remarkably strong and able portrait of the wandering King against which no charges of mental lucidity can be brought. Here we have the madness of a strong man and a king, the madness which, rising into the sublimity of Job, could welcome fire and hail since they were not his daughters. In the Royal Academy (before we quit this subject) there are two pictures of Lear in his Court by Mr. Cyrus Cuneo, in which a good black and white illustration has the appearance of being mysteriously cut in two. As a literary interpretation his picture gains most interest from his version of Cordelia, who, he is convinced, was an uncommonly ugly young woman. It is certainly a conceivable view of the story; the elaborate praise bestowed upon her voice gives it (to the artful) a certain human probability. The studies are interesting, but we do not understand the eccentric plan of them. By drawing the top line of the picture so low, Mr. Cuneo has, with a despotic caprice worthy of Lear himself, cut off the heads of two or three courtiers. But if their heads were like Cordelia's we are resigned.

"King Lear." By Arthur Rackham. Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. No. 186. Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN by permission of Mr. Rackham. A pen and ink drawing of the same subject appears in Messrs. Dent's Temple edition of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

Mr. Fred Shaw's picture of Ariel and Ferdinand is graceful, but we are not sure that Ariel ought ever to be painted, except perhaps by moonlight and secretly, on some strange sea-shell or stone, with the colours of moth's wings and the silver lines of the spider.

Besides the scenes from the Shakespearian dramas there are, of course, numerous pictures founded on isolated quotations. The method is, perhaps, more applicable to the great Elizabethans than to many writers, since their splendid genius for irrelevancy so often led them to squander the most gorgeous literary wealth upon a simile or a parenthesis. Among these may be especially noticed Miss Nell Tenison's "Murther most foul—as at the best it is," which depicts a priest stabbing his enemy upon the steps of the church. The study is intentionally only rough and suggestive, but the murdered man is falling vigorously and refreshingly flat Curiously enough, however, the picture which is most truly Elizabethan, in a sense one might almost say Shakespearian, is not an illustration to Shakespeare. The striking fact about Mr. John da Costa's excellent picture "Una and the Wood-Gods," is the courage with which he has combined the purely mediæval costume of Una with the classicism of the surrounding fawns. It would be impossible, perhaps, to interpret Spenser better than by this risky yet effective inconsistency. For it brings home to our minds the thought that there was a time in the world's history—the best period of the Renascence—when men saw no inconsistency between the beauty of a Bacchanal's thyrsus and that of a saint's aureole, when the lion of St. Mark lay down among the lambs of Pan. It may be that in this age of tickets and badges we cannot fight back to that omnivorous idealism, but Mr. da Costa has struck a spirited blow. His wood is the true sylvan chaos of Shakespeare—the wood of the Midsummer Night's Dream. Bottom, Shakespeare's true hero, is the type of the art enthusiast of that time, omnivorous, inconsistent, extravagant, the man with the ass's head. The modern Ibsenite and Student of the Drama has got rid of this hybrid character, though we are not quite sure to which of the two animals he has been finally assimilated.

Spenser again, like Shakespeare, has not escaped being illustrated in detail. Mr. Frank Smedley has a stately

allegorical design with the motto "The Heavens know what is best for me." Though the picture does not aim at any of the Spenserian æsthetic interpretation of Mr. da Costa's work, we are glad to have a spiritual subject from Spenser—surely the most religious of all our poets.

After moving among many pictures in which the treatment of poetic subjects, however agreeable, is necessarily traditional, one is conscious of a sudden change of feeling on coming face to face with any picture by a man of commanding intellect. "The Return of Godiva" is not one of Mr. Watts' most successful pictures, but that matters little when comparing it with the work of others. Perhaps the most

"Una and the Wood-Gods." By John da Costa.

"The wild wood-gods, arrivéd in the place,
There find the virgin, doleful, desolate,
With ruffled raiments, and fair blubber'd face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late."
—*Spencer's Faery Queen*, canto 6, verse 9.

Royal Academy. No 237. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

really distinctive mark of the work of a great man is the mere fact that he could give a reason for painting it. It may seem a simple need, but it is absent from the works of many capable men. Painting is their trade, a picture must be painted, a graceful subject must be chosen; Ophelia, Lear, Ariel are undoubtedly graceful subjects, and those subjects are painted. But Watts, alone among artists, has never, to our knowledge, painted a picture, however old the subject, without adding to it a definite idea, strong enough to be a motive for throwing away a cigar, or getting out of an armchair. There have been innumerable pictures of the ride of Godiva. But in the "Return of Godiva" there is a new idea: the deathlike collapse and reaction of a healthy spirit that has trampled a strong normal nature in obedience to a strong abnormal need. Godiva, no paltry beauty, but a giantess and a mother of men, falls as a tower falls, fainting among her women. It is the only faint which we have seen in art which we are certain was not due to a mouse.

Mr. Watts' picture, though its version is clearly drawn from Tennyson, is by no means Tennysonian; there are no poets outside the Bible and Æschylus whose spirit is exactly his spirit. But there are many pictures in the galleries which owe their inspiration to Tennyson, and rightly, indeed, since he is the most decorative of all poets. There are, for example, two pictures of the Lady of Shalott—one by Mr. George Robertson at the Royal Academy, which is sumptuous and robust, one by Mr. Garstin Harvey at the New Gallery, which is pallid and æsthetic. The latter traits are even more characteristic of Miss Mabel Ashby's "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere" in the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. We do not

know that we have ever seen a more complete embodiment of the modern Maeterlinckian view of the old stories. There were no blinding raptures, no barbaric self-abandonments in this love. With a clear-eyed prophecy more shameful than any madness they foresaw the futility of their own sin. These are the new æsthetic lovers; their sins are not forgiven them, for they have not loved much.

Mrs. E. Normand's dignified and beautiful rendering of the line, "Her eyes are homes of silent prayer," shows that Tennyson is still a quarry for mottoes. Another pretty picture of the same style is Mr. John Dutton's "O Sweet, Pale Margaret." But the most charming and in its own absurd way the most poetical of all the pictures which owe their titles to Tennyson is a little study by Mr. Tom Browne: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Its quaint delicacy is more admirable, because the artist has avoided a million pitfalls of vulgarity that beset him. There are two children, but there is no pet dog. There is a boat on the river, but there are no ladies with sunshades in it. The two are child-lovers, but not child-lovers as they are nauseously leered over by their elders, but alone and solemn and independent in their own kingdom of Elfland. In the twilight of the picture the two figures stand like goblins of Dutch extraction; the artist has clinched our sense of fairyland by giving the dark boat two eyes like a dragon. Here at least is a poetical picture; and if it treats the line with levity, how else is one to treat that Locksley Hall love which depended upon the Almanac?

"The Return of Godiva." By G. F. Watts, R.A. Royal Academy. No. 207. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

Besides these ideal literary pictures there are many illustrations of famous scenes from literature to claim our attention. Chief among these is Mr. H. R. Steer's picture of Quilp, Nell and her grandfather from the

"The Lady of Shalott." By George E. Robertson.

"Out upon the wharf they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame."—*Tennyson.*

Royal Academy. No. 375. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

"Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere." By Mabel Ashby. Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. No. 175. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist and of the Proprietors of *The Ladies' Field.*

especially, because Quilp is an excellent example of the figure that is both pictorial and literary. It is people whose appearance is an allegory of themselves (Napoleon, Dante, Richard III.) who make effective pictures; many people appear to have run away with someone else's allegory. Quilp, stunted and pulled awry as in a distorting mirror, is certainly the finest of Dickens' studies in the horrible and repulsive, and Mr. Steer's portrait should satisfy every reader of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

Dickens, who was so singularly picturesque in his half fantastic treatment of the ugliness of modern costume and architecture (in this point lies, it may be said, his most enduring artistic originality), was naturally even more pictorial when he treated the incidents of a romantic period—as in the "Tale of Two Cities." Mr. Kennington has a great picture "Recalled to Life" from that novel. The picture is highly characteristic of the artist, but inevitably, because of its more stately subject, less characteristic of the author than such pictures as those of Mr. Steer.

As we proceed through the galleries, pictures begin to group themselves in a manner expressive of several distinct tendencies in literary painting. The operation of these tendencies among the miscellaneous pictures we hope to treat in our next article.

"Old Curiosity Shop." Mr. Steer has another picture from the same novel, the scene of Nell and her grandfather in the tavern, but we mention the former more

G. K. CHESTERTON AND J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

The second article of this series will appear next month.

THE FORGETTING OF BOOKS.

I FIND that I cannot write anything just yet about Mr. Le Gallienne's book on Mr. Kipling,* because I want to write too much. He is so fertile in suggestions which one longs either to fortify or undermine, each in a lengthy essay, that I must wait for a calmer moment to follow steadily his main clue. Suppose then to-day as a relief I pursue just one of his suggestions, and wander away in search of conclusions.

He says—and says truly—that vivid as are Mr. Kipling's stories, we soon forget them; and this oblivion, he takes for granted, detracts from the merit of the Story-teller. The reasons by which he accounts for this forgetfulness seem, so far as they go, well founded. First, the "slightness of narrative motive"—the stories are only "glorified anecdotes," and like those heard and forgotten in the club and bar-parlour, "exist only in the skilful telling." Very true! To day A. repeats B.'s story—it falls flat; to-morrow you hear B. tell it—though no longer new you find it thrilling. All we can do with a Kipling tale is to give the main thread in two or three sentences, and then talk about it, praise, or criticise it; but we cannot re-tell it, as we can re-tell Boccaccio, or Andersen, or Edgeworth or Scott.

* "Rudyard Kipling." By Richard Le Gallienne. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Still, I grant the same may be objected to Maupassant and many of the new Short-Tale school.

Mr. Kipling's peculiar methods, those so much relished by the public, are the next reason assigned by the Critic, who startles and convinces us by pointing out that the exceptions, the things we do remember, are not the intensely characteristic "Kiplingesque" pieces, but the Mulvaney stories and three or four "pictures written in comparatively classical English, such as 'The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows,' and 'The City of Dreadful Night.'" The fact I admit, and should be only too glad to admit the reason assigned, which is the use of dialect, or rather slang. Of course, the Irish-English dialect has become almost classical English for purposes of humour and pathos, and Mulvaney, though not original—in fact, only the typical Irishman—is Mr. Kipling's sole living character. But how does dialect affect the memory? Surely, when allied to low farce and rough humour, as in Gamp and Weller, it assists it immensely. On the other hand, the tender and noble passions are more impressive in the diction of Shakespeare than in military Billingsgate, and therefore more readily recalled. It is no use saying, I hated the slang, and so I forgot it. Alas! memory is not so complaisant. Besides, Mr. Le Gallienne rather likes and quite believes in the Kipling military conversation-pieces—which I certainly do not—yet he, too, forgets them. Surely the cause lies deeper than mere diction. The permanence of an impression does not wholly depend on its force. A bicycle is running me down—I just escape it; I fancy I have forgotten my latch-key—I find it in the other pocket. In a week these violent crises of emotion are totally forgotten past recall, though a thousand trivial impressions survive. Mr. Kipling in like manner startles, excites, thrills, but somehow—how I will not explain, because I as yet do not quite know—the impression is that of a seal stamped vigorously on our flesh instead of on wax; it leaves a vague red mark and the memory of the smart, but the image and superscription is soon effaced.

Our Critic further points out—and again sagaciously—that the best remembered of the Tales are just those few where Mr. Kipling is concerned with universal humanity and the general heart of man—where his treatment is symbolic instead of scientific. Here again the fact is true, but the inference in its bearing on memory needs more thinking out. Neither affirming nor denying that we forget the Particular sooner than the Universal, I pass on to note the Critic's last reason. It is that Mr. Kipling has never created or drawn a single character, and that in the phantasmagoria of fiction the consummate imaginary portraits are the last things to fade. Of this, perhaps, more anon.

Now, all along it is clear that the Critic takes it for granted that permanence of impression is an essential of literary merit, and memory a critical test. This view is natural, perhaps intuitive. I believe we all share it. What we retain of poetry and fiction must be good, or why have we retained it? It stirred us at first sight; again and again fortuitous suggestion of time, place or circumstance has recalled it; it has helped to form us; it has worked itself into us, and is part of us. Unconscious self-esteem therefore pronounces it most excellent. Take a case. At various times I think I have read the whole of Balzac's works, most of them slowly, carefully and with interest. Yet how much remains? Not even the titles or the character-names, save such as recur in books and conversation. I could not write five lines of description of any single work except one or two of the short tales and some of the *Vie de Campagne* series, which was always my favourite. Eugénie Grandet? Yes, I remember her perfectly, can see her now, have met her more than once in real life. For she is one of the Universals. But as to her

"Her Eyes are Homes of Silent Prayer." Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By Henrietta Rae (Mrs. E. Normand). New Gallery. No. 10. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. E. W. Savory, Ltd., Bristol, by whom the picture will shortly be published. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

story and the book, all I remember is that her common-place, lukewarm lover went abroad and at last forgot, and she lived on with an old uncle, and was persecuted by his greedy relations. But, alas, even so far I suspect that I am confusing it with *Les Héritiers.* So too with the other novels. Now, on this experience without troubling to rationalise it, I have of late often presumed to lay down the law with flippant confidence, that there must be something somewhere very far wrong in Balzac's art, or we should remember him better.

"O Sweet, Pale Margaret."—*Tennyson.* By John F. H. Dutton. Royal Academy. No. 642. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

But a moment's thought brings misgiving — perhaps repentance. For before we even venture on the inquiry how many previous questions must be answered! What say the psychologists on the phenomena and causes of reminiscence? Do we always remember the best and forget the worst? Does the admiring and satisfied perception of harmonious, sympathetic, convincing literary work survive longer than the memory of the startling, the unnatural, the exasperating, the disgusting, or even the tedious? Is great fiction meant to be remembered? Do I want to cram it for examination, or learn it by heart like an Arab story-teller, in order to repeat it for my living? Or do I read it simply for relaxation, and to satisfy my human curiosity about the various *mondes* I have known or not known—to learn what "man has made of men," and what man has thought of man? May not the clear-cut, detained memory of a novel argue that it was, and still is, an object standing apart for admiration and criticism, while the superbly natural and sympathetic work, which we assimilated, survives only in a profound but vague impression, not detachable from our conscious selves — just as the thousand caresses of a mother, each then so dear, survive only in one vast cumulative memory of a boundless love? These questions, so vital to our clear judgments of literary merit, I shrink from deciding off-hand; they demand time and space for their solution; so I will only commend them to those of my fellow-bookmen who may care to test and try them by their own individual experience. Might I suggest a new "parlour game" for literary families and home-reading circles? Take some popular, admired novel, which all have read at least ten years ago, works like

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."—*Tennyson.* By Tom Browne. Royal Academy. No. 1159. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

"Middlemarch," "John Inglesant," "Lorna Doone," or "Robert Elsmere," and let each member write out all he remembers of its contents—its contents strictly, not an appreciation, not a criticism; not writing *about* the book, but trying to re-write it, or rather to give a précis of the story, adorned with such details as are distinctly remembered. Few, I fear, will produce more than a page of certain books which they fancy they never will, and never could forget. Other books, good and bad, might then be tested; results noted and discussed, some inferences be drawn, and possibly new light might thus be thrown on the problem of how far the memory is sensitive to literary excellence, and to what kind of literary excellence. Of course all books must be excluded which are kept alive in our memories by casual quotation or reference in journals or conversation.

No, these questions are not easy; for even on the very threshold we are met by a preliminary problem. What do we really mean by remembering and forgetting? After all, bad as is my memory, do I really forget? To return to Balzac—was my labour vain? have I forgotten it all? No: in a sense—perhaps the highest sense—I remember much, perhaps nearly all—all I ever could, all I need, all I ought. If I go again through one of the novels, some parts read quite familiarly; those I retain slightly refreshed. Other parts seem quite new and interesting; these all go again in three months. So it begins to dawn upon my stupidity that the process of "remembering" Balzac has no relation whatever with the process of "getting it up for exam," and that possibly I still retain all that his genius bade me, forced me, to retain. Let me take stock. First, a set of definite, independently formed opinions, ripe for expression, about his genius, his philosophy, his art and his methods—founded on carefully noted, though now forgotten data. Next, though some of his novels have become mere names, and hardly that, and though I could re-tell not one, save perhaps his veritable masterpiece *Le Curé de Tours*, many of his fanciful pictures of places survive and efface the disillusionment of travel; legions of his characters have outlived their names and are always being conjured up by stray suggestion. But further, what in the technical sense we forget, in the highest sense we remember. If once we have learnt what a man—a man like Balzac or Shakspere or Fielding—has thought of man; if once we have contemplated the world of his creation and presentment, we can never wholly forget. Not only does his wisdom or clarity or refinement unconsciously guide our every judgment, not only do we unconsciously criticise with eyes fortified by Shakspere or Balzac or Meredith spectacles, but the works themselves—the great genuine works—at least such part of them as we could, and did, and were meant to absorb, lie dormant, but not dead within us.

"Quilp discovered listening to Little Nell and her Grandfather's Plans of Escape."—*Old Curiosity Shop*, chapter ix. By H. R. Steer, R.I. Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. No 273. Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN, and reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

Coincidence will often recall a page turned over thirty years ago, but the office of half-conscious memory is yet more fertile. Thus I may say, this plot is not original; that character has been better done before; this situation is overwrought; your heroine would never have acted thus; a great artist would have suppressed this and worked up that—and so on. I know I am right, but cannot say why. The born memorist would instantly refer for corroboration to the great French novelist, giving chapter and verse. To me not even Balzac's name may recur, yet the same passages have left an impression on my mind, not reproducible, but strong enough to unconsciously suggest and sway my opinion. Can we then be fairly said to have forgotten a book which we unconsciously think by and act upon, though we lack the power or the will to reproduce its contents?

Here, having touched but the outer fringe of the matter, I must close—resolved at least to think twice before I again depreciate a book because I cannot remember it. Y. Y.

A GENERATION OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

II.—ALEXANDER RUSSEL.

I HAVE said that Alexander Russel had, at the time I arrived in Edinburgh, come into his kingdom as a literary journalist. To this position great political knowledge, sagacity, a memory quite as wonderful as Macaulay's, the swiftest and most unerring newspaper instinct in the world, associated, at all events early in life, with a tantalising slowness in literary production, undoubtedly helped to bring him. But circumstances aided also. He was the writing editor of his town and country precisely as his contemporary Delane was the managing and non-writing editor of the much larger London and England, and the very dissimilar successes of both were due to essentially the same cause, the political and social supremacy of the dinner-giving class. In "The Dreepdaily Burghs" a leading elector startles a bewildered candidate by pointing to one or two essentially disreputable electors, and informing him "We huz the clique." The gentlemen, in no sense disreputable, but prosperous, and in evening dress, whom Delane met at the tables of Cabinet Ministers, and Russel in the houses of Lord Murray and other Edinburgh hosts of his day, were "the cliques" of the two capitals. Delane, I have no doubt, left the dinners he attended to infuse opportunism on the grand scale into the articles of his leader-writers. Russel, on his part, left the society of Whig political leaders, or perhaps of Assembly chiefs of the Moderate or Latitudinarian type, to fortify his careful forenoon essays with hints of the nature of exclusive information. He was perhaps a bit of a diner-out for the sake of dining-out. Of this I have no personal knowledge; his massively genial face, however, suggested what Sir George Trevelyan styles, in the case of his uncle Macaulay, "a quick relish for pleasure." But it also suggested that shrewdness which never allows the main chance to be spoiled by mere sensual pleasure. He dined out to get knowledge for himself or "copy" for the paper he loved as an artist loves his brush, and for that mainly, if not entirely. His heart and soul and not his pen merely were in his work, and the times were fortunate for him in two senses; he lived in the days of the comfortable ten-pounder ascendancy in politics, and of leisurely writing in journalism, and not as now, when "short space have we for art's delays." The men whom Russel met and dined with *were* the political leaders of Scotland, at all events until his *bête noire* Duncan Maclaren and local Radicalism overcame Whiggery. But he took good care that he led them; they never led him. He was incomparably more influential than the ablest of Liberal Whips, even than the redoubtable Sir William Adam himself. The reason is obvious. His articles contained much better thinking and much better writing than any of the speeches delivered in Scotland in his day, which was the day before systematic Midlothian Campaigning.

"Little Nell and her Grandfather the subject of discussion at the 'Jolly Sandboys.'"—*Old Curiosity Shop*, chapter xviii. By H. R. Steer, R.I. Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. No. 546. Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN, and reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

Russel had the faculty of surrounding himself with men of like love of art to his own. It would be grossly impertinent on my part to refer to present members of the *Scotsman* staff; besides, its editor of to-day has in a recent volume told the public as much as they have any right to know of recent newspaper developments, of which he and an energetic business colleague might fairly say *magnæ partes fuimus*. Nor shall I refer specially to men who

though still living and working have ceased to be connected with the paper to which they were introduced by Russel. Otherwise I should have much to say, and to say cordially, of capable writers like Mr. John Macdonell —now Master Macdonell and a leading authority on international law—and of his newspaper work especially of his "Survey of Political Economy," in which he Sainte-Beuved the Dismal Science. But Russel had round him such men as Hill Burton, who—so the gossips said, but perhaps they were wrong—was Russel's right hand man in regard to economics of the free trade order as well as Scottish history, and expressed his opinions with the help of a colossal caligraphy, and the two Broad Church ministers of Old Greyfriars, Dr. Robert Lee and Dr. Robert Wallace, the latter of whom was believed to have written the majority of the *Scotsman's* ecclesiastical articles even in the latest years of Russel's life. Principal Tulloch was also spoken of in this connection, but whether accurately or not I cannot say. At the same time Russel, as became a wise editor —and an editor with a purpose and a creed —kept the fundamental ideas of the paper in his own hand, while he allowed his contributors a reasonable freedom. But also—here, too, he showed his wisdom—he did not like them to go over the town saying, "Did you see this or that article on such and such a subject in the *Scotsman?* It was mine." I vividly recall an incident which illustrates both of these features in Russel's editorship. I happened to be seeing a friend off to Rotterdam by a steamboat from Leith, and after bidding him good-bye had just crossed the somewhat perilous-looking plank which did duty for a gangway between ship and pier, when a shout was heard, a cab rattled up, and out bustled Russel—a robust Scotch Pickwick in appearance, in (I remember this most distinctly) a dress-coat and otherwise got up like an Auld Licht elder. He rushed across the plank vituperating it heartily, and indeed nearly falling into the water, went up to my friend, made a few rapid disjointed remarks, thrust a large parcel of papers of various kinds into his hand, made another risky journey across the plank, and disappeared into his cab. He had been asking my friend to undertake the writing of some articles on a particular subject. But he had planned them and supplied the raw material; he was, in other words, his own literary engineer. I smiled across to my friend; he positively blushed. I had surprised his secret. We had been bosom friends for several years, but I was absolutely ignorant of the fact that he contributed to the *Scotsman*. So much for Russel's success in persuading his contributors of the golden silence of anonymity.

"Recalled to Life."—From *A Tale of Two Cities*, by Charles Dickens. By T. B. Kennington. Royal Academy. No. 589. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

As good a revelation as has been given to the public of the literary faculty and catholicity of Russel is to be found in Dr. Robertson Nicoll's account of his vigorous and all but successful attempt to capture James Macdonell for the *Scotsman*. One who knew both but slightly — which was my position — would have said that the two men had more points of dissimilarity than of similarity. Macdonell was all delicacy, Russel was all vigour. Both, however, believed absolutely in literary journalism; both were painstaking essayists—though, of course, in different lines of work. Macdonell's fervid devotion to his art ultimately, I suspect, wore out the "tenement of clay." Russel wished, I have no doubt whatever, to secure the co-operation of Macdonell largely because his art was different from and in a sense finer than his own. He was far too magnanimous to cherish any of that jealousy which resents rivalry near the throne. The supreme question with him about anybody was "Will he or his writing help to advance the paper?" He did not capture James Macdonell, but he *did* capture my friend Purvis, who, at the time that I came to Edinburgh, occupied—so at least it was generally understood—the post of second writer on the *Scotsman*. Purvis, who died in London many years ago, was at the beginning of his career not a journalist at all, in the modern matter-of-fact sense at all events. He was a bit—more

than a bit indeed—of a poet. Russel saw, or thought he saw, how this poetical vein might be utilised, and set Purvis to do what in journalistic slang is now styled graphic work. The *Scotsman* scored heavily at the time of the Civil War in America by reason of the truly brilliant articles that appeared in its columns describing the military operations. The majority of these were written by Purvis, who threw the whole of his essentially sentimental nature into them, and in consequence made them an artistic success.

Of Russel as the Jeffrey of Edinburgh journalism, I have said enough. Of the man I can really say nothing notable. Perhaps not much can be said. His life was his work. Mr. Barrie thought of telling Russel's story for six months; Sheriff Campbell Smith has been thinking of telling it for at least as many years. I doubt if it ever will be told. Even his "awfully good things," such as that "his hair came out at the Disruption," and his remark (which really showed his readiness in quotation from the Bible rather than his irreverence) in answer to a friend who told him that So-and-So had been in bed for two days, "Yes, and the third day he rose again," are already finding their way into Dean Ramsayish collections. To such cairns I cannot from personal knowledge add my stone. The gist of two meetings that I had with him I may give. The first revealed his hatred of everything even approaching to humbug. We happened one afternoon to meet at the door of a church where we had been hearing a popular preacher. Brushing aside all conventionalities in address, he said of the sermon we had been listening to, "Clever bit of argument that, but confounded (I fancy he may have used a stronger and terser word) nonsense all the same, and he (the preacher) knows it." He had, at least latterly, a profound belief in what he termed "The Thus Saith the Lord" power of journalism, and a profound disbelief in the profuse use of the newspaper "we." He once whimsically expounded belief and disbelief to me by play upon pronouns. "Confound (I fancy he may have used a stronger and terser word) 'we'; always pitch into 'he'; have nothing to do with 'she'; stick to 'it.'" What he meant was that the authoritative assertion—"it is so-and-so"—as if there were, or at least ought to be, no doubt whatever about the statement or argument employed, was much more likely to carry weight than the mere expression, through a flaccid "we," of individual opinion. And now farewell to Russel and his school. DELTA.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. W. C. B. Cowen, who has been since the beginning of 1884 on the editorial staff of the *Daily Chronicle*, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the well-known organ of the late Mr. Joseph Cowen, ex-M.P. for that city, has been appointed editor of the *Lancashire Daily Post* and *Preston Guardian*, Preston. He commences his new duties on July 1st.

Mr. T. E. Edwards, of Sheffield, has been appointed editor of the *Hull Daily News*.

Mr. H. J. Palmer, editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, is the new president of the Newspaper Society.

Mr. F. W. Downie, sub-editor of the *Northern Echo*, Darlington, has been appointed to the sub-editorial staff of the *Globe*, in succession to another Darlington journalist.

Mr. J. D. Howie, of the *Alnwick Gazette*, has received an appointment on the reporting staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

Mr. W. G. Kyle, formerly sub-editor of the *North Star*, and a member of the editorial and literary staffs of several reviews and magazines, is promoting a first-class provincial magazine on unique lines in conjunction with another prominent North country literary man and novelist.

Mr. John Robertson, who has been sub-editor of the *Middlesbro' Telegraph* since that evening paper was started by Mr. H. F. Patterson, has joined the staff of the *Leeds Daily News* in a similar capacity.

Members of the *Western Daily Mercury* staff bade farewell last month to Mr. E. C. Randolph, who has for the past three years been connected with the literary department of this paper. Mr. Randolph has secured a valuable appointment in London under the National Press Agency. His confreres presented Mr. Randolph with a dressing-case of solid pigskin, fully equipped and handsomely appointed. Mr. Harry Jones (editor) made the presentation, speaking in eulogistic terms of the splendid services Mr. Randolph had rendered the paper; and Mr. J. R. Reynolds (manager) and Mr. Walling (editor of the *Herald*) also bore testimony to the value of Mr. Randolph's work.

Mr. Evan Winter, who was on the staff of the *Llandudno Directory* during the managership of his late father, has been appointed a reporter on the *Hackney Mercury*.

Satisfactory progress is being made with the arrangements for the entertainment of the members of the Institute of Journalists at the annual conference to be held in London in September. A meeting of the Council will be held in the Guildhall by permission of the Lord Mayor, and on Monday, September 10th, members of the Council will be entertained at luncheon at the Mansion House. A reception and dance will probably be given by the London district at the Hotel Cecil. In view of the visit of the Shah, and the contributions made to the City Imperial Volunteers Fund, the City Corporation will not be able to extend any hospitality to the delegates on this occasion. Several excursions are being organised, one of the most attractive being a week-end visit to Paris.

Mr. J. Spencer Hill, B.A. (Oxon), who has for some time been assistant-editor of the *Bookseller*, has become editor and manager of the *Somerset County Express* at Taunton, in which he has acquired a proprietary interest.

Mr. A. Thompson, of Taunton, has been elected president of the Institute of Journalists for the Taunton sub-district for the ensuing year, and Mr. W. H. Mason has been chosen as hon. secretary—for the eighth time.

Mr. Joseph Connor, for some years past editor of the Liverpool *Porcupine*, was on May 11th presented with a handsome piece of silver plate and a cheque subscribed for by a number of Liverpool friends, on the attainment of his fiftieth birthday. The gathering took place at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool. Mr. John Houlding, ex-Mayor of Liverpool, presided, and the presentation was made on behalf of the committee and subscribers by Mr. T. McCracken.

Journalists of Liverpool and Chester districts heard with much regret of the death of Mr. Samuel William Ramsden, last month, at Deal. Mr. Ramsden was a warm supporter of the Institute of Journalists from its formation, and was for some years chairman of the Chester sub-district, and afterwards chairman of the Liverpool district whilst residing at Chester.

Mr. E. W. Record, of the reporting staff of the *Sheffield Independent*, is leaving that office for Manchester, where he has accepted an appointment as reporter on the *Manchester Guardian*.

The quarterly meeting of the Sheffield Branch of the Institute of Journalists was held recently at Chesterfield. Mr. Jacques (Chesterfield), chairman of the district, presided. A paper was read on "The Law of Copyright," and a discussion followed. The Mayor of Chesterfield (Mr. Spooner), officially welcomed and most hospitably entertained the visitors.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Robert G. Soutter, reporter, *Greenock Telegraph*, has joined the Edinburgh office of the *North British Daily Mail*.

WALES.

Mr. H. W. Southey, J.P., proprietor of the *Merthyr Express*, has been elected High Constable for that town.

The annual meeting of the South Wales District of the In-

stitute of Journalists was held last month at Cardiff, Mr. T. H. Thomas, artist to the *Graphic*, was elected chairman for the ensuing year. Mr. E. Parker tendered his resignation as hon. secretary and treasurer, and Mr. Gwilym Hughes, Cardiff, was appointed in his place. Mr. H. Read, Cardiff, was elected delegate to the conference. The annual report showed a decline in membership from sixty to forty, but the secretary explained that this was owing mainly to the fact of a number of journalists having joined the Institute just before the Cardiff conference, and had since neglected to pay their subscriptions.

DOUGLAS (ISLE OF MAN).

The following paragraph appeared in our issue of April last:—

> "Mr. James Hartley, who for several years was editor of the *Manxman*, has resigned his position on that journal, and has been appointed editor of the *Morecambe and Heysham Times*. Mr. Hartley, who was well known in Manx journalistic circles, deeply regretted leaving the island. Mr. J. P. Callow, the proprietor of the *Manxman*, has taken over the direction of the paper. More than one Manx newspaper proprietor has been 'hit' by the failure of Dumbell's Banking Company, Limited."

Since the publication of the paragraph we have received from Mr. R. Jennings, of 28, Basinghall Street, E.C., solicitor for Mr. J. P. Callow, a letter pointing out that the paragraph conveys the suggestion that as Mr. Hartley "deeply regretted" leaving the island he was compelled to do so by reason of his employer (Mr. Callow) being "hit." The publication of the paragraph has (Mr. Callow alleges) injured his credit. Mr. Callow explains that Mr. Hartley resigned his position as editor of the *Manxman* and his resignation was duly accepted in December last, whilst Dumbell's Bank did not collapse until the February following. There was consequently no connection between the two events. We regret that the publication of the paragraph should have occasioned Mr. Callow inconvenience and annoyance, and readily give publicity to this explanation in order to remove any erroneous impression which it may have created.

NEW BOOKS.

HERBERT SPENCER, THE MAN AND HIS WORK.*

It is very appropriate that an appreciative notice of our great English philosopher should appear so soon after the public celebration of his eightieth birthday. Few writers have a greater influence on the popular mind, outside the narrow circle of serious students of philosophy, than Herbert Spencer. There is such an aspect of simplicity and of universality in a system which by means of a few easily-learned formulae proposes to correlate all the phenomena of the Universe, material and mental.

In this volume Mr. Macpherson presents concisely and lucidly the leading features of Mr. Spencer's philosophy, and being an ardent disciple he writes with an enthusiasm which is contagious. A short biographical account is prefixed to the exposition of the "synthetic system," and in this Mr. Macpherson gives a graphic and sympathetic picture of the personality of the man, and tells of his struggles with adverse circumstances, his patient self-sacrifice and perseverance in his great work. However one may criticise the system of which he is the parent, we cannot fail to entertain respect and admiration for him as he is here portrayed, and must rejoice that his merits have been recognised, and his position as one of the most prominent figures in British philosophy acknowledged during his lifetime.

The account of his early training is instructive. His education with its want of conventionality and freedom from the usual "grinding in dead languages" and old-world methods was well calculated to bring him into touch with those topics which were in the air in the late thirties and the early forties. Evolution in its Lamarckian form had been popularised by Chambers in his "Vestiges of Creation." The conservation of energy and the correlation of the physical forces were then among the novelties of physics. Hamilton had expounded the distinction between the philosophy of the Conditioned and of the Unconditioned, while Comte's generalisations as to the mutual relations of the sciences had been interpreted and expounded by Mill. In all these new lines of thought there were certain common features, and when from the study of embryology Spencer learned that the evolution of the individual took place by an orderly process of epigenesis, this seems to have furnished an archetypal method along the lines of which a universally comprehensive philosophical system could be constructed. The synthetic system partakes thus more of an orderly eclecticism, a systematisation of positivism on the basis of evolution, than of an revolution in philosophy as it has been called. It practically amounts to the

MR. HECTOR MACPHERSON.

reduction of all knowledge of facts to a common presupposition, establishing a common form for all phenomena.

This is not the place to attempt a review of the whole range of the Spencerian system; it is only necessary to refer to a few points raised in the admirable and succinct account here given by Mr. Macpherson. In doing so one has to bear in mind that Spencerism and Evolutionism are not co-extensive terms. Nearly all workers in science physical, biological, or mental, are thoroughgoing evolutionists nowadays, but only a section of these belong to the camp of Spencer.

The fundamental propositions of Spencerism are inductions from the law of the persistence of force. (These take no account of the second law of thermodynamics and its consequence of dissipation of energy, which Lord Kelvin has expounded.) When the principle of persistence is followed backwards, the ultimate analysis cannot trace the modes of the force which persists beyond some power which transcends knowledge or conception. It is not the manifestation of force which persists, but the unknown antecedent of the manifestation which is an absolute, unconditioned reality, of which we cannot predicate that it is always bound to the same limits but, for all we know, it may show itself sometimes in more numerous and intense working elements and sometimes in less intense and fewer. On this account the constancy of the unknown and unknowable reality, which we have no means of measuring, is impredicable from the very nature of the case.

Höffding has pointed out in this connexion that the distinction drawn here between the Relative, which is subject to evolution, and the Absolute, which is independent of it, amounts to an implicit dualism (see *Einleitung in die englische Philosophie*, p. 180). Two other criticisms may be made of this groundwork of Spencerism. The law of the conservation of energy is purely quantitative, and in itself neither gives any clue to the causation of quantitative diversity, nor to the circumstances

* "Herbert Spencer: The Man and his Work." By Hector Macpherson. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

determining the initiation of transformation. Also the starting point of Spencerian evolution is a perfect homogeneity, which, on the hypothesis, by progressive integration and differentiation progresses towards heterogeneity and definite arrangement, rhythmically returning to homogeneity, in which condition again a new cycle of evolution takes place. But the fundamental postulate that homogeneity implies instability is open to grave question. To bring an undifferentiated plenum, which by the hypothesis has no environment, into the condition of an aggregate of elements, requires the importation of that which it is the object of the system to keep out, viz., a catastrophic force outside itself.

The chapter on the evolution of life is an admirable statement of the general principles of evolution as exemplified in the beginnings of life and origin of species, to which most biologists would subscribe, whether Spencerites or idealists. In common, however, with all the followers of Spencer, Mr. Macpherson minimises the force of Weismann's researches and observations, which are far from being disproved, and which cannot be regarded as negligeable quantities until the hereditary transmission of acquired characters can be proved, which has not been done hitherto. Most of the cases referred to in the now classical Spencer-Weismann polemic have been shown capable of bearing a different interpretation.

We have not space to follow in detail the clear and interesting exposition of the application of Spencerism to elucidate the problems of social, ethical, and religious life which are given by Mr. Macpherson. That we have evidence of evolutionary processes in these cannot be gainsaid, but the parallelism between the organism and human society is faulty in one important particular. In the former, consciousness is associated with the action of a central organ to which all other organs are directly subordinated; whereas, in the latter, the constituent units are the possessors of consciousness which is not connected with any central special mechanism. On this account it has been said that in the organism the parts exist for the sake of the whole, while in the society the whole exists for the sake of its parts.

In the last chapter, on the religious aspect of Spencerism, the chief point discussed is the problem of the personality of the Absolute Being. Any form of Evolutionary Philosophy admits that the universe is a great unity in which processes take place with regularity and order. Unintelligent matter and rational man alike play their parts as integral components of the mechanism behind which there is an Absolute Unconditioned Reality as First Cause. What the nature of that First Cause is we cannot find out to perfection, but as this Absolute permeates all the phenomena internal and external, it must reveal itself to our reflective judgment in the forms in which the phenomena occur, and therefore cannot be entirely unknowable, and we can interpret what we see as involving meaning and purpose working to ends. Behind these appearances of working there must be a Reality that works. To this Reality Mr. Macpherson, following Hoffding, denies personality, because, according to Hoffding's definition, personalities have to fight against barriers which are neither self-created nor easily set aside. There is a purely arbitrary and artificial element in this definition, derived from the conditioning of our own personality. We are unable to comprehend the nature of the consciousness of God, but the Being who can evoke and sustain a cosmos with the myriad of self-conscious existences which it contains is one to whom our reflective judgment cannot deny the power of regarding the happenings of His own Creative Will as contributing the external element necessary for personality according to the definition. While all discussions of this subject are little better than the darkening of counsel by words without knowledge, the Lotzean statement of the case is far more satisfactory than the confessed intellectual stranding to which the Spencerites are reduced.

Mr. Macpherson deals with this great theme in a reverential spirit, and expresses the hope that "in the future man may secure for himself an harmonious conception of the world and human destiny, by means of which he will no longer find himself an orphan wandering in a dreary wilderness, but the heir of all the ages, the interpreter of Nature and co-worker with the Eternal," but on his own ground it is difficult to see how such an aspiration can have any basis, for no creed can influence our lives and actions, unless there is in it the belief in the practicability of intercourse between God and His worshipper; and of this, Agnosticism holds out no hope.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

SHAKESPEARE: THE MAN.*

Dr. Goldwin Smith's essay has "the soul of wit"—it is brief, hardly exceeding in length an article for a magazine. The following words indicate the method chosen for discovering something of the man who lurks behind Shakespeare, the dramatist: "In the work even of the most dramatic of dramatists the man can hardly fail sometimes to appear. There are things which strike us as said for their own sake more than because they fit the particular character; things which seem said with special feeling and emphasis; things which connect themselves naturally with the writer's personal history. There are things which could not be written, even dramatically, by one to whose beliefs and sentiments they were repugnant. Any knowledge which is displayed must of course be the writer's own; so must any proofs of insight, social or of other kinds."

Such is the method, and the following are Dr. Goldwin Smith's results: The poet in Shakespeare sometimes asserts himself independently of the playwright. Shakespeare shows some knowledge of Latin and the Latin poets, but of Greek there is not a trace. He understood French, and almost certainly Italian. He had a remarkable acquaintance with country occupations, and gradually acquired a thorough insight into the social world. He had a cultivated taste for music; he had no special knowledge of law, but picked up some phrases. He seems to have travelled in Italy. He was not learned in history, but he had a wonderful eye for historical character. His morals, as a writer, are essentially sound, especially with regard to marriage. He often stoops to obscenities (a vice of his time), but they are not provocative of lust. He was repelled by excess in drinking. He loved England; he was something of a courtier; a popular monarchy was his political ideal; in his political and social sentiment he was conservative; he had an intense dislike of mobs and mob-rule; yet he had a strong sense of the injustice and inequalities of society. He felt the waste of lives in iniquitous wars; he had sympathy for the suffering of animals. His estimate of woman is high, but he maintains that she is dependent on man. His moral philosophy is sound, but tolerant and liberal. He accepted in religion the Elizabethan settlement; he ridiculed the Nonconformists; he was certainly not a Roman Catholic. His conformity was not inconsistent with a certain spirit of scepticism. And last, Shakespeare was not Bacon.

These are the conclusions arrived at in this little volume, and in most instances they are sound conclusions. Dr. Goldwin Smith's proofs will be found in the numerous quotations, for which he offers a needless apology. EDWARD DOWDEN.

DR. LEAF'S HOMER.†

The slow sale of a good book is sometimes startling. Dr. Leaf's edition of the Iliad, which is without a rival in England, was published in 1886, and it is only now, after a period of fourteen years, that its republication is required. Oxford and Cambridge alone ought to have consumed an edition in half the time; but in this hurrying age even classical students seem to care little for books, except those which enable them to "get up" an author with the utmost speed and the least mental effort.

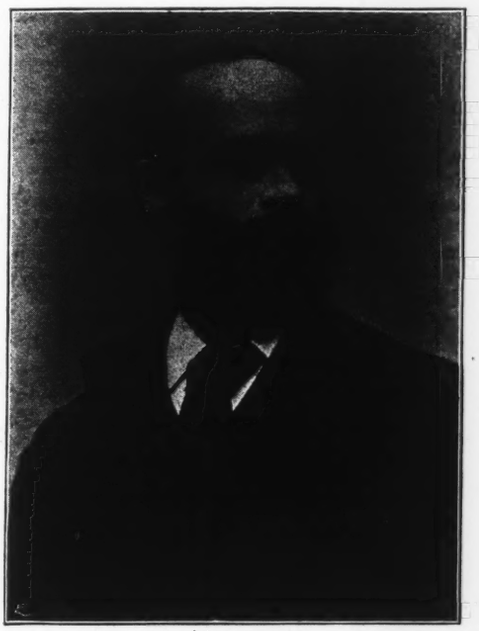
The long interval, however, has not been wasted by the editor. He has enriched the present volume with an excellent *Apparatus Criticus*, which, among other things, includes his personal collation of five new MSS., and also with several *Appendices*, of which the second on "Homeric Armour" is especially noteworthy, while the notes and the Introductions to the several Books have been largely rewritten and amplified. But even though much increased in bulk, the volume is still a marvel of compression. To the critic, the philologist, and the antiquarian, to the student of history, art, or religion, Homer presents so many points of interest that even to touch on them all satisfactorily is a heavy task, but Dr. Leaf has performed it on the whole admirably. He is master of his subject everywhere, and consequently writes with that combined brevity and clearness which only complete mastery can give. If there is a fault to be found, it is that possibly he allots too much space to

* "Shakespeare: the Man. An Attempt to find traces of the Dramatist's personal character in his dramas." By Goldwin Smith. 2s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

† "The Iliad of Homer." Edited with Notes, etc., by W. Leaf, Litt.D. Vol. I. Books 1-12. Second Edition. 18s. (Macmillan.)

linguistic questions, and, in dealing with points of more general interest, often contents himself with a somewhat bare reference to the authorities.

It is, perhaps, hardly fair to make such a criticism, for, after all, exactitude in determining and interpreting the text of



DR. WALTER LEAF.
From Photo by H. H. Hay Cameron, 31, George Street, Hanover Square.

his author is the first duty of an editor, and in this respect Dr. Leaf's work seems almost flawless and complete. But, on the other hand, the peculiarities of Homeric diction present such abstruse problems of philological study, and have such little vital connection with the real interest of Homeric poetry, that the average literary student would often be glad to put them rather in the background, in order to deal with matters of more genuine and human concern. He would, for instance, acquiesce in treating ἄξετε (3.103) as an imperative without discussing the use of "sigmatic aorists with the thematic vowel," or acknowledge ἔῃτι (7.340) as a subjunctive with unquestioning faith, even although "of course," as Dr. Leaf puts it, "ἔσῃτι, the original subjunctive form, could never give" such a philologically incorrect word. But when it comes to the famous σήματα λυγρά (6.168), it is tantalising to read that "since A. J. Evans' remarkable discoveries in Crete (J. H. S. xiv. 270 ff., xvii. 327 ff.)." there can be no doubt that actual writing is described. The student who is gratified by the suggestion that an obscure point in philology will "of course" be plain to him, may not find it equally a matter of course to have the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* at his side for reference, and half a dozen lines of information would be welcome. Or again, as regards the origin of that wonderful thing "the Homeric hexameter," reference is made (2.400) to "a very interesting paper by F. A. Allen of Cincinnati in Kuhn's *Ztsch* xxiv. 358," where it, the Latin Saturnian verse, and some old German measures are all traced back to a common metre found in the Zend-Avesta. Surely it would be wise to sacrifice a lexicographical note such as that on ἀγέρωχος (2.654), where *ten* proposed derivations of the word are mentioned, and so find room for some remarks on a subject which is of profound interest to every reader of poetry.

The absence of such fuller treatment of many illustrative topics is the more keenly felt because Dr. Leaf everywhere scatters rich hints and indications of the immense wealth of learning on which he could draw, and, when he does write more at length, what he writes is fascinating. About the great bow of Pandarus, for instance, and the method of stringing it, his comment (4.105 *seq.* and p. 584) is so full of interest that it would attract any schoolboy, while any scholar might envy its erudition. So, too, as regards the Homeric shield (Appendix B and illustrations). It was a huge thing, covering the whole body, and the chief use of the war chariot was to convey it and the bearer rapidly from one spot to another. The system of the Homeric warrior was to get behind it, fire a shot, and then, if hard pressed, leap into his chariot and fly. *Mutatis mutandis*, in fact, the "heroic" ideal of fighting was exactly that of the Boers; when Priam took the field with Mygdon he used the same word as they do—"I laagered (ἐλέχθην)," he says, "on that day"—and he probably used similar tactics. They are those also of the primitive Celts (see p. 573) and of our own forefathers; *mobilitatem equitum, stabilitatem peditum in proeliis præstant*, writes Cæsar (B.G. 4.33) of the British *essedarii*, and our "mounted infantry" are to-day re-learning like methods.

As to the composition of the Iliad, Dr. Leaf's views are well known, and time has not only confirmed him in his original judgment, but enabled him to largely reinforce the proofs which he lays before his readers, and these are, on the whole, incontrovertible. A long process of "weathering," as he admirably terms it, has no doubt given a semblance of unity to the whole structure, but no one can study the Introduction prefixed to the several Books (see especially Book 8, which is almost a pure collection of odd lines pieced together) and retain his belief that it is the original composition of a single author. Critics may contend, as they do in regard to *Genesis*, about the exact analysis, but the general results established by modern criticism are sure.

It only remains to add that, whatever the fortune of his volume as estimated by sales, whether this edition is exhausted in one year, as it should be, or in twenty, Dr. Leaf may be sure that its high merit will command the unstinted admiration of all scholars both at home and abroad. T. E. PAGE.

THE CHAUCER CANON.*

Professor Skeat has brought together in this small volume the results of investigations which he has already fully reported in the introductory part of the Oxford edition of Chaucer, but although there is not very much that is novel in "The Chaucer Canon," this new form of statement will be

PROFESSOR W. W. SKEAT.
From Photo by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street.

acceptable to students. It is convenient and useful to have these matters in small compass, and to know at once where to look for an authoritative decision, when the impenitent and the

* "The Chaucer Canon." With a Discussion of the Works associated with the name of Chaucer. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. 3s. 6d. (Clarendon Press.)

heedless repeat the old opinions about the apocryphal Chaucerian poems. There is, of course, a danger that the new opinions, which to Professor Skeat are the result of long consideration, may become too much a matter of educational commonplace, and that the new pupils who learn what is here taught them about "The Flower and the Leaf" may lose the old delight in that poem and in the rest of the Apocrypha. But this danger of "facile orthodoxy" is incident to all progress; thus the knowledge that the earth goes round the sun enables the general public to do without astronomy. It is to be hoped that Mr. Skeat's philology will not impair the glory of "The Flower and the Leaf" or of "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale"; it will not at any rate be with his approval or assent, should this be an accidental effect of his labours.

Professor Skeat occasionally allows some emotions to intrude among his scientific demonstrations, and perhaps at times insists too much on the cogency of his arguments; one gets the impression that he is arguing fervently with an unbelieving audience who refuse to consider their final *e*'s. In a subject like this it might be better to let the lukewarm professors remain unvexed in their ignorance, "enveloped in sin." Zeal for the conversion of the infidel is in this department of study a little apt to neglect those who do not need conversion. The present book includes some rather elementary instruction, which is perhaps out of harmony with the special study of the doubtful Chaucerian poems. Few people, it might be supposed, would care to go so deep into the several cases of the disputed poems, unless they were already past the stage in their grammars at which the book opens. But if there is this want of correspondence between some parts of the book, it still does not matter very much; and it may be that Professor Skeat has judged rightly in taking a rather low estimate of what he might assume as the general grammatical knowledge possessed by readers of Chaucer. In any case the main part of his book is full of interest to everyone who has been working at Chaucer, and also to all those who care for questions of literary evidence, and who like an argument for its own sake. Naturally, there is here to be found again in its proper place the account of Mr. Henry Bradley's brilliant piece of reconstruction and discovery, by which he at once cleared away the confusion in the "Testament of Love," and also made certain of the author.

W. P. KER.

THE SYMBOLIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE.*

This book is interpretative of the general aims of the Symbolists. Strictly speaking it is not critical at all. The writers with whom it deals, Gérard de Nerval, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Arthur Rimbaud, Paul Verlaine, Jules Laforgue, Mallarmé, Huysmans, and Maeterlinck, are as diverse in power and influence as they are in matter and temperament. But it is not Mr. Symons's present purpose to differentiate between their general powers, or the degree to which symbolism is their proper speech. They each, sooner or later, fluently or haltingly, have spoken it, as a native or an adopted language. That is the first and chief interesting fact to be told about them, he seems to say; the rest, the apportioning of great merit and partial failure, can wait. Besides, the book leaves the impression of having been written in an almost devotional mood. It is an act of homage to rediscoverers of the great aims of literature. In short, it is the book of a mood. The mood may be the sign of a long conviction, which, at a later day, may face battle for its principles, and examine coldly the varying merits of the exponents of these principles. The mood of homage is at the moment too strong for that. In other words, Mr. Symons is too recent a convert. But when he reaches the more critical stage he will never write of the matter so persuasively. His mood entirely conquered us on a first reading—his sincerity is so evident and the beauty of the expression which he has given it so rare. Our first and last words to him must be thanks for the keen enjoyment he has given us.

He does not torture himself for a definition of Symbolism, being content first to speak of it as "a literature in which the visible world is no longer a reality, and the unseen world no longer a dream." Later, in speaking more of its form, he says, "And it is on the lines of that spiritualising of the word, that perfecting of form in its capacity for allusion and suggestion, that confidence in the eternal correspondences between the visible and the invisible universe, which Mallarmé taught, and too intermittently practised, that literature must now move, if it is any sense to move forward." Here, of course, is the point for attack. But even if we hold that all the stories are not told, that the annals of mere action may still play a part in literature, that externalities are still of account, this is not the time to be combative. We may say that Mallarmé proves nothing, since he does not write for human beings; that Huysmans seems to have taken Symbolism on his road, as a tourist visits this town or that, swearing to become the citizen of each. We may declare with much reason that Symbolism, so far as it is self-conscious, is particularly destructive of literature; that Mysticism, its parent, is a dangerous drug, safe only for the peculiarly strong, since there is nothing like it for giving fluency and confidence to the brainless. It is best to accept Mr. Symons's mood, and be glad of his reminder of these stammering, halting signs that our century has guessed the high mystery of life, the wastefulness of passion for temporal things, has seen the world as a veil of changing hues, half hiding, half revealing that which was from the beginning.

Only one criticism will we make, therefore. How can Mr. Symons, with his exquisite sensibility, speak of Maeterlinck's prose, his "Trésor des Humbles" and "La Sagesse et la Destinée," as surpassing his dramas? The general reader holds with him, of course. But the general English reader prefers sermons to high imaginative literature. He is not interested in Symbol. He likes his symbols explained, his mysticism as explicit as possible. Maeterlinck is a great mystic who has in his prose come down from his native level to explain, to comment, has often lost his way, and has succumbed to the temptation of gush and fine writing. He is second rate when his thinking chooses the medium of prose. He is the best mystic when he is creator, not expositor. It is in the appreciation of Maeterlinck that Mr. Symons shows the weakness of a recent conversion.

A. MACDONELL.

* "The Symbolist Movement in Literature." By Arthur Symons. (Heinemann.)

MR. CROCKETT'S NEW STORY.*

"Depict, but do not speak!" Why does Mr. Crockett not remember this, Goethe's legacy to all artists? He can draw men that are men and women that are women; and in his new story both the fighting and the love-making are better than they have been in any of its predecessors. But he is the veriest "stickit minister" at the always questionable and infinitely difficult art of moralising in the trenches of a story of adventure. This, for example, is as bad as it can well be made: "From woman's wilfulness all things somehow have their beginnings. Yet of herself she is content with few things (so that she have what she wants), somewhat Spartan in fare if let alone, and no dinner-eating animal. Wine, tobacco, caviare, Strasburg goose-liver—Epicurus's choicest gifts to men of this world—are condemned by womankind. Left to their own devices, they prefer a drench of sweet mead or hydromel laced with water, or even of late the China brew that filters in black bricks through the country of the Muscovite. Nevertheless to woman's wantings may be traced all restraints and judgments, from the swords flaming every way about Eden gate to the last merchant declared bankrupt and 'dyvour' upon the exchange flags of Hamburg town." Leaving out of consideration the painful journalese about Epicurus, this pithless preachment provokes one to contrast it with the immortal—and artificial—lines of Scott on feminine caprice. But "Depict, but do not speak," ought to have been the motto of Mr. Crockett, especially when he was giving the portrait of a woman of action like Joan of Hohenstein. For he can depict, and here he *has* depicted—as he has not depicted before. In respect of plot and incident, of sword-play, and marriage at the cannon's mouth, "Joan of the Sword Hand" is the best story Mr. Crockett has yet published—better even than "The Red Axe," though not so melodramatic. (By the way it is to be hoped that Mr. Crockett does not intend to hamper his inventive faculty with "sequels," much less "trilogies"; obviously there is a danger of this sort of thing.) He never was so successful with his heroines. For here as always he has two, and the one that is not mentioned in the title-page is the better. Everybody will fall in love not with Joan—although he will heartily wish her mated and mastered—but with Margaret of Courtland as a

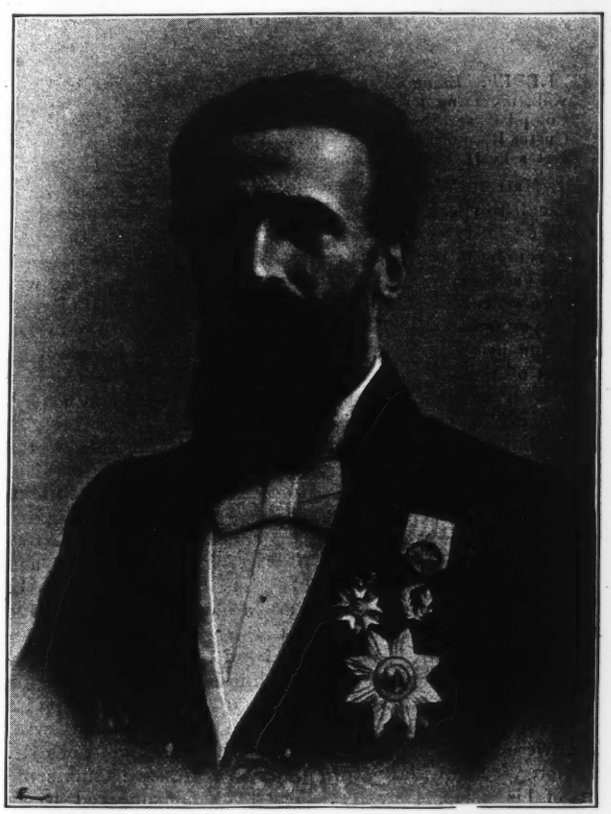
* "Joan of the Sword Hand." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

being all compact of tenderness, terror, and whim, and will sympathise with her in her sequence of troubles till her Maurice —whose all but accomplished crucifixion we might have been spared—is really her own. The remorseless Theresa, Maurice's mother, too, has the making either of a Jael or of a Clytemnestra in her; nor is there a walking gentleman in the book. Maurice the "Sparhawk" is a fine fellow; Louis of Courtland is an excellent weakling; and Prince Ivan of Muscovy is such a detestable cad that you hiss him right through the book, and rejoice when Theresa kills him. The comic soldiers Boris and Jorian are occasionally too boisterous; they look like Scottish byresmen rehearsing for Dogberry and Verges. But Werner, the loyal fencer, is a genuine and consistent gentleman. As for the sparrings and the disguises and the marriages and the kidnappings and the sieges and the intrigues—they are all bewilderingly full of lusty life, and are therefore to be enjoyed rather than analysed. The senile, sensual sniggering of the selfish Sixtus towards the close savours a little of caricature, but it is a clever attempt to reproduce the decadence of the Papacy. "Joan of the Sword Hand" will be appreciated above all things as a singularly effective reproduction of the tumult of a period and a region which Mr. Crockett has made his own, and still gives scope for "expansion."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

DRY BONES AND BONES THAT LIVE.*

It is time we had a standard history of Waterloo, and we think we have discovered the way to produce such a work. The method is simple. Put the two volumes mentioned below into a smelting furnace and an alloy of Houssaye and Fitchett will result. You will have a combination of the greatest capacity for taking pains with remarkable skill in word painting; a vast collection of facts and statistics and plans, a collection in-



From Photo by] M. HENRY HOUSSAYE. *[Reutlinger, Paris.*

comparable in magnitude and accuracy, fused with a moving, glowing style; an intimate knowledge of the men and events of that wonderful year, so intimate that beside M. Houssaye Mr. Ropes appears ignorant, joined to a power to make these men and events live and happen. If M. Houssaye and Mr. Fitchett had written in collaboration, if the two minds and the

From Photo by] REV. W. H. FITCHETT. *[Blomfield, Hastings.*

two pens had worked in unison, the history of 1815 had been written for ever. As it is, it still remains for someone to heat the furnace and produce the alloy.

M. Houssaye can compile history, he cannot write it. As a compilation his book (which, by the way, is excellently translated) is an astounding piece of work, the apotheosis of untiring industry and devotion. It is no exaggeration to say that every available document has been examined, every record annotated, every reminiscence verified, and, with the one strange and startling exception of the story of the Duchess of Richmond's daughter buckling on Wellington's sword as he left the famous ball, every inaccuracy corrected. Chapter and verse are given for every statement, the notes, which should, we think, have been printed at the foot of each page instead of collected at the end of the book, are an inexhaustible mine of reference. But when you have said this you have summed up the strength of M. Houssaye's work. As you turn the last page you are painfully conscious of its weakness. *You have not been at Waterloo.* Your mind whirls with figures, hums with names, is twisted and turned by countless diagrams. But although you know how many men were here, how many guns there, you have not heard the faintest clash of arms, not smelt the faintest whiff of powder; although you read of Ney and Grouchy and Blücher, and above all of the magnificent central figures in the great drama, Napoleon and Wellington, know what each did and left undone and might have done, there is not a single figure that lives and moves before your eyes. M. Houssaye's Waterloo is a *Kriegspiel*, played with paper and ink; Wellington's Waterloo, Napoleon's Waterloo, was much more than an exercise in military tactics. M. Houssaye's Waterloo is a vision of dry bones.

M Houssaye does not quicken the pulse by a single beat, but Mr. Fitchett takes his reader into the midst of a seething, shouting army, makes him tramp backwards and forwards, fire, charge, retire, begrimes him with powder, stifles him with smoke, takes his reader to the actual Waterloo of the 18th of June, 1815. Mr. Fitchett makes the dry bones live. If only he had breathed life into M. Houssaye's marvellous collection, what an army would have risen up, what a battle we should have witnessed! Unfortunately, his book is not ambitious enough;

* "1815, Waterloo." By Henry Houssaye. Translated with the Author's permission from the Thirty-first French Edition. By Arthur Emile Mann, and Edited by A. Euan-Smith. 10s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

"How England Saved Europe. The Story of the Great War (1793-1815)." By W. H. Fitchett, LL.D. With Portraits, etc. Vol. IV. Waterloo and St. Helena. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

it is sketchy and obvious. And so we must read M. Houssaye and Mr. Fitchett side by side, until there arises someone who will breathe life into the slain and put flesh and sinews on the dry bones. J. E. H. W.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN NORMANDY.*

In any profusely illustrated volume it is always, properly considered, a definite credit to the man of letters if he preserves his equality with the illustrator. There are many and strange ways in which the modern man shows himself essentially savage. But there is none more striking that that in which the system of picture-writing has still by immemorial seniority an enormous advantage over any other kind of alphabet. A man of the most conceited of centuries may smile when he looks at some ancient Lap or Red Indian hieroglyphic, in which an open wigwam indicates an invitation or the half-risen sun indicates that it is an invitation to breakfast; but every time

THE REV. PERCY DEARMER.
From Photo by Russell & Sons.

he opens a popular threepenny magazine and glances through the startling photographs and sketchy illustrations without troubling to read the letterpress he is in truth a reader of picture-writing. And we, feeling how strong and constant is the temptation to treat in this way any book which tells its own story in this plain and primeval manner, know how to appreciate the position of an author who contrives to preserve his own individuality, even against so arresting and fascinating an artist as Mr. Joseph Pennell. It is due to Mr. Percy Dearmer to say that he is by no means swamped. He has wisely abandoned the task (if he ever undertook it) of pursuing Mr. Pennell, that most erratic of geniuses, through waste places, seeking rest and finding none. He has devoted himself, as he himself declares, in most cases to supplying the wants which really exist in the study of Norman antiquities, such as the want, engendered by the too ecclesiastical tone of most archeology on this subject, of a proper description of the mediæval castle-building of Normandy. His book is eminently sincere, original, and full of genuine information. He is dealing with ground which has been stamped into a mire of commonplace by the loud and inquisitive type of English tourist. Yet he finds many things new to say: his comments are not delivered in the tourist's shrill accents, nor his artistic effects conceived in that vein of contrast which seems too often made in harmony with the tourist's knickerbockers. He seems to get the colour of the country, like a chameleon, before he describes it, and this is a rare thing in Englishmen.

* "Highways and Byways in Normandy." By Percy Dearmer, M.A. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. 6s. (Macmillan.)

At first sight there would seem to be few comments to be made on the illustrations in relation to their subject, if only because Mr. Pennell gives the impression of a man who can draw anything. If Mr. Dearmer had wandered among the antiquities of Peckham we have no doubt that Mr. Pennell would have produced as many alluring vistas, as many brilliant glimpses of natural and architectural beauty as he has gained in the very midst of the noblest monuments of French mediæval art. There would have been a corner of a Peckham public-house treated with the realistic tenderness of a piece of Gothic carving. There would have been a view of Peckham High Street made living in six inspired scratches. The loftiest of Peckham officials would have had the honour of becoming black spots on a white street, spots as black and dehumanised as the most picturesque of Norman peasants. This strange and grim impartiality of the pure artist appears in no small degree in the volume. Many of the most exquisite sketches represent scenes wholly trivial and irrelevant from the point of view of the book itself. No one can have visited the inn of Madame Poulard at Mont-Saint-Michel (of which Mr. Pennell gives a sketch) without some memory of the "famous omelette" served at that hostelry. We will confess that we turned over the leaves in the constant expectation of finding a brilliant sketch of the omelette—at least of the ruins of the omelette by moonlight. But indeed in all this Mr. Pennell serves a far higher purpose than the paltry purpose of adorning that kind of restless and over-cultured travel which imagines that beauty begins at a particular place and time like a performance in a circus. We know a certain sketch of Regent Street by Mr. Pennell which neither we nor the world nor, probably, Mr. Pennell himself, can sufficiently estimate. Only when it is sufficiently estimated men will go in expeditions to look at Regent Street as they now go to look at Normandy.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE REBEL. Being a Memoir of Anthony, Fourth Earl of Cherwell, Including an account of the Rising at Taunton in 1684. Compiled and Set Forth by his Cousin, Sir Hilary Mace, Bart., Custos Rotulorum for the County of Wilts. Edited with some Notes by H. B. Marriott-Watson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Marriott-Watson has done nothing so good as this. It is difficult to speak too highly of the skill and the care which he has devoted to the reproduction of the spirit and the style of seventeenth-century England. There are pages which compel us to say, speaking of the externals, that Thackeray was no more successful in reflecting the manners and mannerisms of a bye-gone age. There is dignified restraint, too, in the development of the plot, though the materials for it have been dug out of the court and society life of Charles II. The love story, with every temptation to be otherwise, is of great beauty. Lord Cherwell, a man of his time, and therefore, something of a rake, but a rake with a soul of honour, sees the honour of a young girl being continually endangered by a wicked guardian. To prevent the outrage he marries her, his heart having little to do with the contract. Later, he finds he has won a great prize in the marriage lottery. This love-story is, however, a narrow stream trickling through a wide field of intrigue, personal and public discontent, with inevitable hints of horrid sloughs of treachery and debauch. There are a few admirable portraits, chief among them that of the particularly disagreeable personage, James, Duke of York. The historical detail is not forced on you; the writer has saturated himself too much with the times of which he wrote for that. And yet, though our praise for this elaborate bit of work is quite sincere, and we wish there were many more who took as much pains as does Mr. Marriott-Watson with the form of their stories, we think some part of his pains is wasted. The book is hampered by its archaisms. We admire the *tour de force*, but we are not captured by the spirit of the thing. "The Rebel" is a work of art whose workmanship is far beyond the reach of most; but it is curious rather than delightful.

THE WALLET OF KAI LUNG. By Ernest Bramah. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Kai Lung is among the most enjoyable of rogues and vagabonds. A story-teller by trade, with a fund of sly humour and malice as well as the most varied fancy, he entertains us vastly, while he is extricating himself from scrapes, disarming his

enemies by ingenious flattery, or abusing them in the most exquisitely chosen language. Mr. Bramah's parody of florid Chinese is a convenient medium for conveying the slyness and the ingenuity of the charming rogue. In any other words we cannot possibly do justice to him, nor suggest how, with the most innocent mien, Kai Lung is really laughing at us, his English readers. For Kai Lung is a citizen of the world. You are captured by him from the outset when he falls into the hands of the brigand Lin Yi, and is tied by the neck to the branch of a tree. "Now we can converse at our ease and without restraint," says Lin Yi, pleasantly, while Kai Lung stands on his toes to escape suffocation. The rope being slackened, the story-teller introduces himself becomingly as "one of degraded habits and no very distinguished or reputable ancestors. His friends are few, and mostly of the criminal class; his wealth is not more than some six or eight cash, concealed in his left sandal; and his entire stock-in-trade consists of a few unendurable and badly-told stories, to which, however, it is his presumptuous intention shortly to add a dignified narrative of the high-born Lin Yi, setting out his domestic virtues and the honour which he has reflected upon his house, his valour in war, the destruction of his enemies, and, above all, his great benevolence and the protection which he extends to the poor and those engaged in the distinguished arts." After that preamble we are no longer alarmed about Kai Lung's safety nor our own entertainment.

MR. ERNEST BRAMAH.
From Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

THE ANGEL OF CHANCE. By G. G. Chatterton. 3s. 6d. (Long.)

They met first of all very unconventionally, without an introduction or a chaperone, on the sands. Then they parted. They met again—"in a centre of fashionable civilisation." "So," observed he, "the long arm of coincidence again asserts itself. You seem so changed!" he added, then broke short off his unaccustomed impulsiveness. "Anno Domini," she responded coolly, "which inevitably changes all." Their conversation is characteristic, which is perhaps the reason we dislike them both cordially. Round these two very ordinary creatures there is a constant pose of passion and much pinchbeck poetry. We are glad to leave them to the privacy of their honeymoon, when they are about to set out to "revel in Rome," without a regret for a last sight of the "noble brow from which the hair swept back in bronzy waves, the poise of her stately throat."

THE KINGS OF THE EAST. A Romance of the Near Future. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Here we meet old friends. We felt sure the clever writer of pages from the history of Carleon and his ambitious brother Cyril, Count Mortimer, had not exhausted the possible interest of their careers. The scene changes abruptly in the new chapters. Cyril had a fund of energy and a knowledge of international politics, which had to be used somehow; and so an Israelitish syndicate with a scheme for the colonisation of Palestine gets hold of him, and appoints him guide and head. The scheme is a vast one, and touches the interests of the whole of Europe. Europe, therefore, looks on in interest and alarm, and potentates here and diplomats and politicians there encourage it or put a spoke in its wheel. The preliminaries are lengthy and, though cleverly conceived, not a little tedious to a reader bent on knowing the progress of the actual enterprise. But the expedition sets off at last, with jealousies, suspicions, doubts, hostilities compassing it about. The end is disaster to the hopes of the ambitious Cyril, and this though he wins the hand—as he had long ago the heart—of a dowager Queen; for Ernestine of Thracia could not disappear till Cyril and she had pocketed their pride and settled their differences. The end is not drowned in sentiment. Cyril loves his queen and wins her, but we are left in doubt whether he ever gets over the disappointment to his ambition when Palestine falls into the hands of Scythia. The intrigues small and great, the clash of interests national and private, are most cleverly imagined. We have no great difficulty in believing the situation to be an actual one. The new characters are life-like, and many of the old ones we are glad to meet again, and, in short, the book is a great success. The one element of unreality, strange to say, is the English family in the foreground. Cyril excepted, they are so like those elegant, prosperous, well-conducted fellow-countrymen of ours who seem to go abroad for no better or worse reason than to play lawn tennis at Cannes, and sit under the English chaplain at Biarritz, that their presence among the seething whirl of unscrupulous politicians, wily financiers, passionate enthusiasts, high-placed royalties and their hangers-on, almost provides a comic element to the serious book.

THE SECOND LADY DELCOMBE. By Mrs. Arthur Kennard. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Sporting talk, society slang and rumours, a few moral dissertations, and a strong dash of sentiment—with these Mrs. Kennard contrives what will probably be a very popular book. But it is neither the sporting nor the fashionable element that will this time prove the attraction. Both worlds are presented stripped of all grace or glamour, as uncomfortable vulgar places which would hardly draw the fancy of even the remotest country-cousin. The sentiment must be the decoy to readers, and to do it justice it is not mawkish. There is vigour in the story, and an air of life breathes through the little crowd of restless characters that play their not very attractive parts in the pages of this story.

THE SON OF THE HOUSE. By Bertha Thomas. 6s. (Chatto.)

If novel writers who allow their favourite characters to be used, bamboozled, trampled on by the villains of their drama would treat them as in some fashion weaklings, they would draw out our sympathies much more effectually. This is the flaw in Miss Thomas's very able, very interesting book. Oswald Hendry, the Son of the House, if he had been as she conceives him, would not have allowed his strong-witted mother to shut him up in a madhouse while she managed his property in a way that flouted all his dearest principles. She would have bullied, nagged, and sneered without a doubt at this incomprehensible son who was more eager to put socialist theories into practice than to found a family and conquer the county. Ralph, the man of the world, would never have accepted the

MISS BERTHA THOMAS.
From Photo by Window & Grove, Baker Street.

evidence of a low-class country practitioner concerning his brother's insanity, unless he had been more of a plotter than Miss Thomas allows. Otherwise the story is excellent, and, what is unusual, the villain of the piece, Mrs. Hendry, is a perfectly conceivable specimen of humanity. The story of the little butterfly Marjory who flits through the book, sipping the sweets of life, and who gets into a dark little place at last which is not hers by right at all, is half a dainty idyll, half a tragedy. Miss Thomas spares no pains in the elaboration of her personages, and all save Oswald convey a strong sense of reality.

AN IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSEMAN. By Harold Blore. 6s. (Pearson)

Among the many novels inspired by the war this is especially notable, because it is the work of a man who knows the country well. Mr. Blore has not worked up his local colour at the British Museum or studied South Africa from a railway carriage. He was born in the country, and knows it from end to end. To this he adds really remarkable descriptive power and vivid imagination. The result is the best war novel we have read. Mr. Blore writes with rare dash and swing, and the story grips us from the very beginning. It opens with a brilliant sketch of the exodus from Johannesburg, followed by another equally vigorous of Elands Laagte. After this fresh adventures crowd upon the hero thick and fast, till the reader is almost bewildered with excitement. Anyone wishing to gain a real idea of what the scene of the war is like, can hardly do better than read "An Imperial Light Horseman."

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA. By Booth Tarkington. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

There are stories that, whatever the extent of their popularity, are quite certain to be liked by all who read them. They have the stamp of a good heart and a genial personality on them. This is one of that happy order. If we must hint at a flaw, we should say that the mysterious talk about the greatness of Harkless, who, so far as the present story is concerned, is an editor of a very obscure American country newspaper, is a mistake. The hints only point to a brilliant college career, after all, which is disappointing to the romantic reader. He is a fine fellow, we are ready to allow, as we follow his campaigns against corruption and against the dastardly White Caps with breathless interest. His love-story has our full sympathy, though Helen's quibble about gratitude and love, which hurt him so sorely, was unworthy of her frankness. Mr. Tarkington's book should be read in a holiday mood, for it proceeds at a leisurely pace, and contains much that gets the tale on "no forrarder"—even much that a reader in low spirits or in a hurry might pronounce mere fooling. But the humour in the best pages is as genuine as the sentiment, and Platville, Indiana, is proved to be a very amusing epitome of the larger world. The writer is no satirist. He recognises villains, but there is no sting in his feeling towards the rest of humanity. The best chapters are those that tell of the despair of the good souls who undertake to bring out the *Herald* when the editor is a victim of the White Caps' violence, and where the terrible situation is conquered by the quick wit of Helen, who sits on an editor's stool as if she had been born there, and gathers reports of markets and pigs and visitors and fashions, and writes leading articles without a shade of anxiety crossing her pretty face, who, to use the phrase of her astonished assistants—"turns off copy like a rotary snow-plough in a Dakota blizzard."

HIS LORDSHIP'S LEOPARD. By D. D. Wells. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Cecil Banborough wrote a novel called "The Purple Kangaroo," and from force of circumstances (his father was a bishop, and his Aunt Matilda did not like the title), he had it published in America. Naturally he wished his book to be a success, and to bring this about—the work having been received rather nonchalantly by the reading public owing to the fact that the reading public was perfervid in the matter of the Spanish-American War—he took steps to make it better known, which steps led to complications and many untoreseen circumstances. The narrative of these complications and unforeseen circumstances becomes something between comedy and farce, and the scenes are laid partly in America and partly in England. Although uncommon predicaments occur rapidly in these pages they never last too long, and "His Lordship's Leopard" proves that a story without a single paragraph of sentiment or of sadness can make a very entertaining book. The weakest thing about it is its title.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

SOME FRUITS OF SOLITUDE. By William Penn. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. (S. T. Freemantle.)

It was this book which R. L. Stevenson discovered while wandering disconsolately in the streets of San Francisco; and which, two years afterwards, he gave to his friend, Mr. Horatio F. Brown, with the words, "If ever in all my 'human conduct' I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day." And again he wrote: "There is not the man living—no, nor recently dead—that could put, with so lovely a spirit, so much honest, kind wisdom into words." This commendation is tinctured with the hyperbole of the discoverer, yet some colour of truth is given to it by the little book itself; and especially by the second part, whose fruits, as Mr. Gosse says, are "sounder, juicier, and grown against a sunnier wall of experience than their forerunners." But even on almost the first page we meet with such wise remarks as this on education: "Languages are not to be despised or neglected. But Things are still to be preferred. Children had rather be making of Tools and Instruments of Play; Shaping, Drawing, Framing, and Building, etc., than getting some Rules of Propriety of Speech by Heart." The Maxims range over the whole of human life, and frequently pack much wisdom in a portable and memorable form. Mr. Gosse's introduction gives the somewhat strange history of a book which it would have been a pity to lose from English literature.

THE LIFE OF LIVES: Further Studies in the Life of Christ. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. (Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

Dean Farrar tells us that although twenty-six years have elapsed since the issue of his "Life of Christ," he has "seen no reason to correct a single conclusion of the smallest vital importance." His present volume, then, is written not as a correction but rather as a supplement to his original work. "It deals with questions of high importance, which the Gospels suggest, and aims at deepening the faith and brightening the hope in Christ of all who read it honestly." Several of the chapters are apologetic, and aim at exhibiting the unique supremacy of Jesus and the substantial truth of the Gospels. Others are concerned with the main incidents and factors in the life: the Messianic hope, the education of Jesus, His baptism and temptation, His teaching and miracles, His sufferings and resurrection. The book is written with Dean Farrar's accustomed affluence of allusion and quotation, and with touches of eloquence and picturesqueness. It is entirely popular, and cannot be said to add much either to the defence of Christ's claims or to the understanding of His Person and work although much may be learned from the facts he gathers from a wide field of literature.

TENNYSON AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER. By Charles F. G. Masterman, M.A. (Methuen and Co.)

Most persons would no doubt prefer to spend a few hours in re-reading the Princess or the Idylls rather than in mastering even a first-rate critic's opinion of the poet. Yet Mr. Masterman did not win the Burney Prize without deserving it. He has produced a very thorough and in some directions enlightening study of Tennyson's religious attitude. Unquestionably he shows cause for a revision of the popular opinion that he merely reflected the opinions and spirit of his time. Mr. Masterman holds that he was not the mere prophet of material advance, scientific development, undogmatic religion, but penetrated to the essentials of religious faith and to a theory of the universe valid for all times. At the same time he points out some curious defects in Tennyson's conception of Christianity; his lack, for example, of any profound consciousness of sin. In short, Mr. Masterman has produced a thoroughly sound piece of work which marks him as a critic of very considerable powers.

THE EPISTLES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. An attempt to present them in current and popular idiom. By Henry Hayman, D.D. (Adam and Charles Black.)

Dr. Hayman, even in his title, betrays a modest consciousness that in undertaking a new translation of the Epistles of the New Testament, he is essaying a task of well-nigh insuperable difficulty. The doubtful fate of the Revised Version has shown how true it is, as Faber said, that the felicities of the Author-

ised translation live on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten. And a double risk awaits the venture to render the antique thoughts and language of the New Testament into the vernacular of the present day. In modern garb these ancient forms are apt to seem grotesque. Still, if it can be accomplished, it would no doubt serve a good purpose to render the medium clearer through which the modern reader sees the ideas of apostolic times. And to some extent Dr. Hayman succeeds in achieving this purpose. His scholarship is beyond suspicion. The translation is evidently made directly from the Greek text, and in the light of the best criticism and interpretation. Often, too, the translation is not only accurate but felicitous and vigorous. The Epistle to the Colossians illustrates how much may be done by mere translation, accurate and forcible, to bring out the sense which is concealed or obscured by our present versions. Yet there are flaws in Dr. Hayman's work which will expose it to adverse criticism. Sometimes he does not go far enough in modernizing the language, leaving "thou" where the vernacular prefers "you"; sometimes he goes too far, replacing good Saxon by cumbrous Latin, as when instead of "I have fought the good fight," he writes "The glorious struggle for me is consummated"; and instead of "they that be drunken are drunken in the night," "drunkards by night intoxicate." In short, Dr. Hayman has done good service by his translation, and taken a step in the right direction, but his work must be improved upon either by himself or someone else.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE IN GREEK, AFTER THE WESTCOTT AND HORT TEXT. Edited, with Parallels, Illustrations, Various Readings, and Notes, by the Rev. Arthur Wright, M.A., Vice-President of Queen's College, Cambridge. (Macmillan and Co.)

Mr. Wright, in preparing this handsome and most useful volume, had primarily in view the needs of the lecture-room. Nowadays it is universally recognised that to know one Gospel is to know none, that if Luke is to be understood constant comparison must be made with Matthew and Mark. To facilitate this comparative study Mr. Wright furnishes a most desirable apparatus. On each opening of the book there are four columns—two on each page. One of these columns throughout the volume is occupied by the Gospel of Luke, so printed as to call attention through the eye and by simple signs to certain features of the narrative—its source, its relation to the other Gospels, and so forth. In two of the parallel columns are printed the corresponding passages from the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, while the fourth is utilised for annotations illustrative of the meaning. This arrangement saves the student a large amount of troublesome labour. In his Introduction Mr. Wright once again advocates the oral-tradition theory of the origin of the Gospels, emphasing his point, that St. Peter from the first gave, not extempore addresses, but formal lessons. "This is the crucial point: Did the Gospels originate in the pulpit or in the schoolroom?" St. Luke's Gospel he traces to six sources—an original briefer Gospel of Mark, the Logia, the nineteen parables and incidents peculiar to Luke, the early chapters containing the birth, infancy, and genealogy, a number of short paragraphs gathered from various anonymous authors or sources, and Luke's personal contribution in the shape of editorial notes. He believes the Gospel was written between 70 and 80 A.D., and his reasons for this date, as well as for his other opinions, are stated with firmness, but with excellent modesty, courtesy, and charity.

HURRAH FOR THE LIFE OF A SAILOR! By Vice-Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B. 12s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

In its unpretentious way, Admiral Kennedy's book is to some extent a real contribution to naval history. His style is easy, humorous, and gossipy, and the tales which he tells are for the most part decidedly unofficial; but he can give also a lucid, impressive account of the more serious side of a sailor's life; his narratives of the bombardment of Sebastopol, and of many incidents of the Chinese War, and other matters which have gone to make history, rivet our attention and leave us wiser; while his general remarks and reminiscences give a valuable and interesting picture of a sailor's life as it was during fifty years which have seen many changes in men, manners, and methods. The admiral is a keen sportsman, too, one who can observe as well as shoot. The volume certainly possesses in no small degree that charm which seems almost inseparable from the sayings and writings of those who know the breadth of the sea. The postscript, we may add, is by no means the least effective part of this sailor-book.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

APRIL 16TH TO MAY 16TH, 1900.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ARMSTRONG, E. S.—The History of the Melanesian Mission, 10/6 Isbister

ASKWITH, E. H., M.A.—The Christian Conception of Holiness, 6/- Macmillan

Church Problems. By Various Authors. Edited by H. Henstey Hedson, 12/- net ..... Murray

DUFF, ARCHIBALD, LL.D., B.D.—Old Testament Theology, 15/- A. & C. Black

FARRAR, F. W., D.D., F.R.S.—The Life of Lives, 15/- ..... Cassell

GOODSPEED, G. S.—Israel's Messianic Hope, 6/- .....Macmillan

HALES, FRANCIS.—Some Thoughts on the Bible, 4/6.....Melville

[*Mr. Hales's "Thoughts" are thoughts from a broad mind; they deserve notice from all Christians regardless of creed.*]

HAYMAN, H., D.D.—The Epistles of the New Testament, 3/6 net A. & C. Black

MOULE, H. C. G., D.D.—Ephesian Studies, 5/-.....Hodder

MOULE, H. C. G., D.D.—The Secret of the Presence, 3/6.....Seeley

MUIRHEAD, J. H., M.A.—Chapters from Aristotle's Ethics, 7/6 Murray

WADDELL, Rev. P. HATELY, B.D.—Christianity as an Ideal, 3/6 Blackwood

WILKINSON, Right Rev. G. H., D.D., Bishop of St. Andrews.—For Quiet Moments, selected and arranged by J. H. Burn, B.D., 2/6.....Wells Gardner

[*A collection of devotional readings from the published and unpublished writings of the Bishop of St. Andrews. It is full of thought, sense, and comfort.*]

FICTION.

ALLEN, GRANT.—Hilda Wade, 6/- .... Richards

BARING-GOULD, S.—In a Quiet Village, 6/-.....Isbister

BLORE, HAROLD.—An Imperial Light Horseman, 6/-.....Pearson

BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, J.—The Seafarers, 6/- ..... Pearson

BUXON, HARVEY.—Our Remarkable Fledger, 6/-.....Digby

CAPES, BERNARD.—From Door to Door, 6/-.....Blackwood

CHAMBERS, R. W.—A Gay Conspiracy, 6/-.....Harpers

CHAMBERS, R. W.—Outsiders, 6/- .....Richards

CHAMBERS, STRACEY.—The Rhodesians, 3/6.....Lane

[*A collection of sketches of South African life—English South African life. African affairs seem to demand notice now, and these sketches have their good points; they are terse and graphic, though occasionally more vulgar than they need be.*]

CRAIG, R. M.—A Widow Well Left, 6d. ..... Moran

[*A pleasant Anglo-Indian love story, in which widows play the leading parts.*]

DONALDSON, GERTRUDE.—Crumbs Gathered in the East, 3/6 New Century Press

[*A collection of stories of India, Malay, etc., plainly told, but possessing much of the glamour of the East.*]

FRYERS, AUSTIN.—The Devil and the Inventor, 3/6.....Pearson

[*A thrilling medley of love, inventions, a bargain with the Devil, subsequent awkward predicaments and unenviable positions. But the hero, the Inventor, achieves fame in the end by reaching the*

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JUNE, 1900.

North Pole on a motor-car. And the Devil, who has been going through the book, accompanied by glows of light and flashes of lightning, is defeated, leaving the good persons to enjoy their recovered happiness in a comparatively subdued light, which must have been more than welcome.]

GALLON, TOM.—Kiddy, 6/- ..... Hutchinson
GRIFFITHS, Major ARTHUR.—Fast and Loose, 6/- ..... Macqueen
HACKING, BRUCE.—The Treasure Temple, 6/- ..... Digby
[*An exciting narrative of a voyage taken by one, Felix Hannington, gentleman, and Jacob Jacobson, a Jew of Bristol, in the eighteenth century. "I bathed my hands in the gems," says the author at one point. "As I held them . . . they glittered like a heap of suns in the palm of the Creator." He has a pretty taste in similes it may be seen.*]
HAMILTON, C. J.—A Flash of Youth, 3/6 ..... Sands
[*A story containing some originality, if not much incident. There is strength in the hand which wrote it.*]
HARDY, F. H.—To the Healing of the Sea, 6/- ..... Smith, Elder
HARLAND, HENRY.—The Cardinal's Snuff-Box, 6/- ..... Lane
HARTE, BRET.—From Sandhill to Pine, 6/- ..... Pearson
HAWKESWOOD, Mrs. URBAN.—An American Countess, 6/- .. Macqueen
HIGGIN, L.—Lyona Grimwood, Spinster, 6/- ..... Pearson
[*A thrilling tale of mystery and murder, mistaken identity, and catalepsy. There are no grey spaces here.*]
HOCKING, J.—The Purple Robe, illustrated ..... Ward, Lock
HOCKING, S. K.—When Life is Young, 2/6 ..... Warne
[*Another story from Mr. Hocking's popular pen; dramatic and wholesome, as might have been expected. The book is illustrated by Lancelot Speed.*]
HUTCHINSON, H. G.—Little Lady Mary and her Best Friend, 6/- Smith, Elder
KENNARD, Mrs. EDWARD.—Tony Larkin, Englishman, 6/- Hutchinson
LANDER, HARRY.—The Legend of Eden, 6/- ..... Pearson
LAYCOCK, ARTHUR.—Steve, the Outlander, 6/- ..... Digby
Romance in South Africa again. The right lover fights and is wounded; the sweetheart does wonders as a nurse; the din of battle ceases, and the wedding bells ring in Pretoria.]
LODGE, Mrs.—David Polmere, 6/- ..... Digby
[*A readable story about Cornish folk who suffered from a prolonged attack of social ambition. "Effie" is a name rarely heard in the West, but having given it to Farmer Boscawen's daughter, the author should not have forgotten the fact on p. 133. Effie was worth remembering.*]
MACILWAINE, H. C.—Fate the Fiddler, 6/- ..... Constable
MACLEOD, FIONA.—The Divine Adventure, 6/- ..... Chapman
MARSH, RICHARD.—A Second Coming, 6/- ..... Richards
MCILROY, A.—By Lone Craig-Linnie Burn, 2/6 ..... Unwin
MEADE, L. T.—A Brave Poor Thing, 3/6 ..... Isbister
[*A pathetic story told in Mrs. Meade's well-known and facile manner. The Guild of "Brave Poor Things" plays an important part in its pages.*]
MEADE, L. T., and EUSTACE, R.—The Sanctuary Club, 5/- Ward, Lock
[*A collection of thrilling stories told by a doctor. The Sanctuary Club provided, in one building, all climates, mineral waters, and appliances suggested by science or art, for the cure of its patients. Vivid experiences followed.*]
MEADE, L. T., and HALIFAX, CLIFFORD, M.D.—Where the Shoe Pinches, 3/6 ..... Chambers
[*A collection of stories showing a variety of ways in which the shoe may, and does, pinch. But as, out of the whole sixteen tales, not one ends sorrowfully, this may be considered a hopeful book, in spite of its title.*]
MILECETE HELEN.—A Girl of the North, 6/- ..... Greening
MOORE, F. FRANKFORT.—Nell Gwyn, Comedian, 6/- ..... Pearson
MORROW, W. C.—A Man: His Mark, 3/6 ..... Richards
ROBERTS, MORLEY, and MONTESOLE, MAX.—The Shadow of Allah, 6/- ..... Long
RODD, RALPH.—A Fighter in Khaki, 3/6 ..... Long
[*The Boer war is full of romances, we find; but those who are neither soldiers nor nurses must not expect to share in them; it is their part to stay at home and read. Mr. Rodd's romance is very readable, and the end is brave, if sad.*]
RYAN, DARBY.—Wayward Hearts 6/- ..... Digby
[*A very mild "novel," in which moods and tenses prove themselves rather more wayward than the hearts.*]
SIENKIEWICZ, HENRYK.—The Knights of the Cross, 3/6 ..... Sands
SMITH, A. D.—The Diary of a Dreamer, 6/- ..... Unwin
SMITH, CONSTANCE.—The Magic Word, 3/6 ..... Isbister
TERROT, Mrs. C. E.—The Atherstone Bequest, 6/- ..... Burleigh
[*A pleasant love story, matter-of-fact and unhurried. It should be a favourite at the libraries.*]
TYTLER, SARAH.—A Young Dragon, 3/6 ..... Chatto
[*Another of Miss Tytler's fresh, sweet tales of Scotland. She has given us many pleasant pictures to remember. This one would have borne a larger canvas, but it is good as far as it goes.*]
VALENTINE, E. S.—Veldt and Laager, 6d. ..... Methuen
[*No. X. of the Novelist Series. A collection of tales showing the Boer from the less known point of view. They are good tales, and mostly true.*]
WELLS, D. D.—His Lordship's Leopard, 3/6 ..... Heinemann
WHITE, PERCY.—The West End, 6/- ..... Sands
ZOLA, EMILE.—Fruitfulness [Fécondité], translated and edited by E. A. Vizetelly, 3/6 ..... Chatto
[*This is Mr. Vizetelly's accomplishment of what he at one time thought an almost impossible task. His knowledge and judgment, however, may always be trusted in such matters, and all English readers who are admirers of Zola must be pleased and relieved that the series is to be complete.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

ALLEN, JAMES LANE.—A Kentucky Cardinal; Aftermath, 3/6 each Macmillan
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Outlines of the History of Religion. 3s. 6d. (Black.)

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Sheehan: My New Curate. 6s. (Art and Book Co.)
Spirago: The Catechism Explained. 10s. (Benziger.)
Loyola: The Soldier of Christ. 5s. (Burns & Oates.)
Gardner: Dante. 1s. net. (Dent.)
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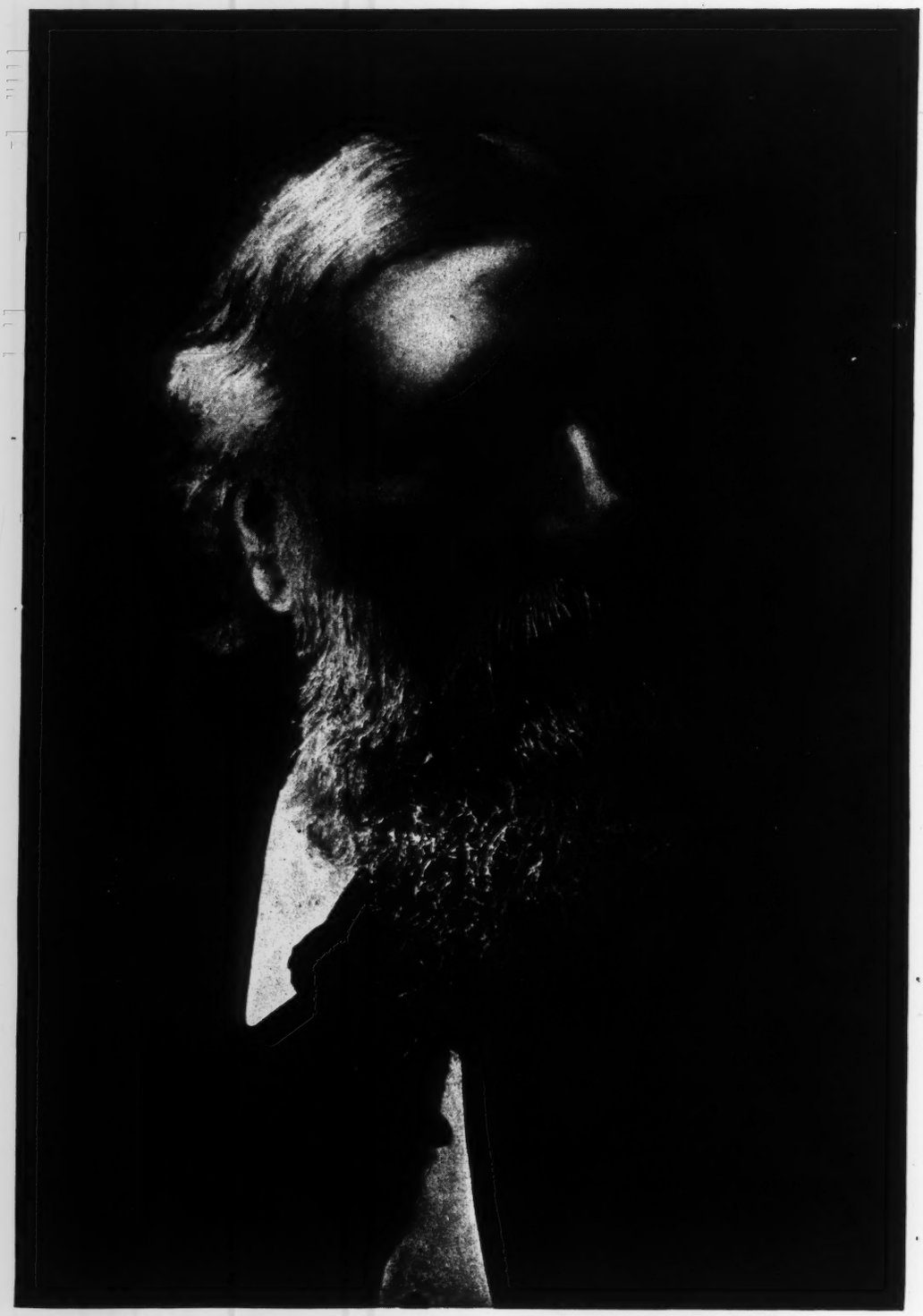

GEORGE MACDONALD.

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